

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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His early life seemed to promise a great future. Educated nowhere near the humble cot of a rough farmer, his school reports were always good, especially actually for maths and geom. Top in trig., he was obviously destined for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he majored in economics, got the autograph of Hartley Withers, and read the life of Lord Keynes twice.

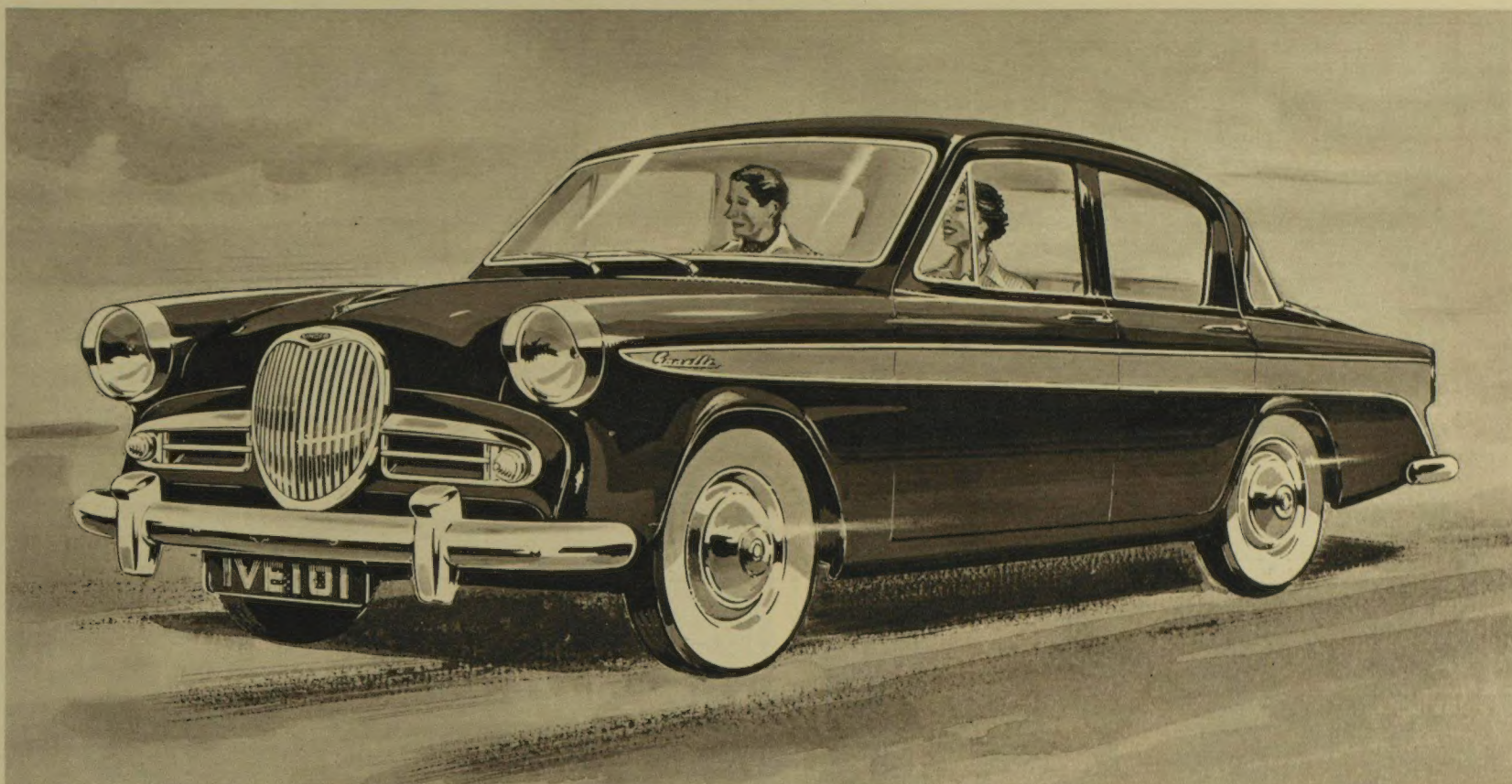
The remarkable fact remained, however, that in spite of his tiny job in the City (correct) it remained tiny (wrong). The more he studied international retarded bonds, payments per bend, and the dollar tranche, the less well he did actually financially. Indeed he never even began to get going until he discovered that so far as the Higher Money is concerned, instinct is the only true guide; and he never truly made good until he proceeded by a system of hunches and winks, a glance at what the stars foretell, a sixpenny horoscope from Brighton Pier out of a slot machine, and a special method, after a long stare at the tea-leaves in the bottom of his tea-cup at breakfast, of walking along Threadneedle Street without treading on a crack between paving stones.

*Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him*



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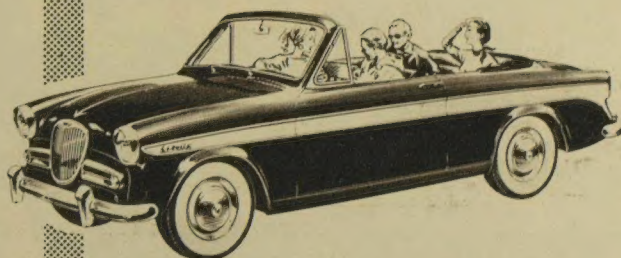
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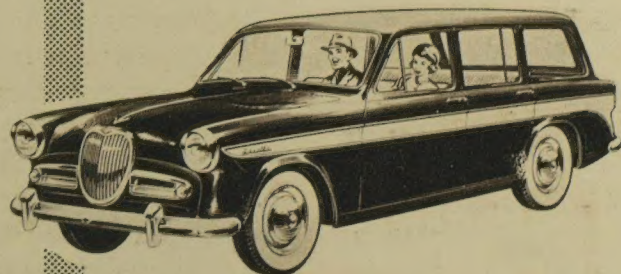
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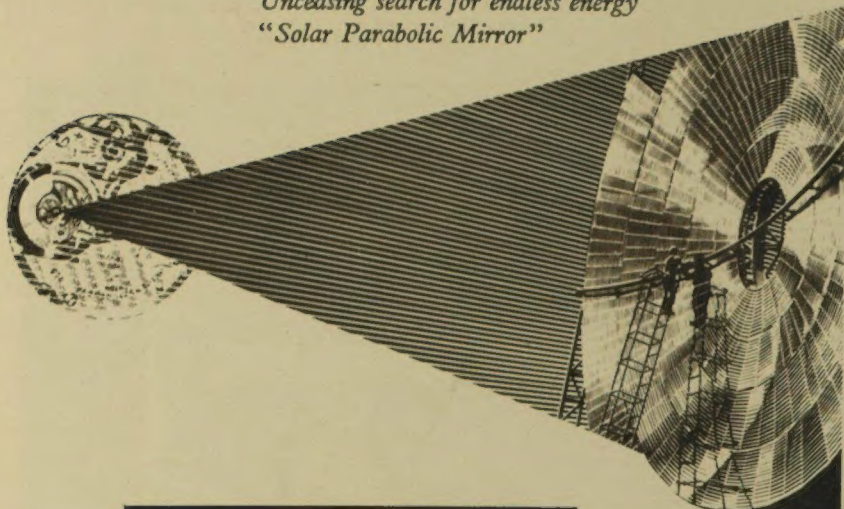


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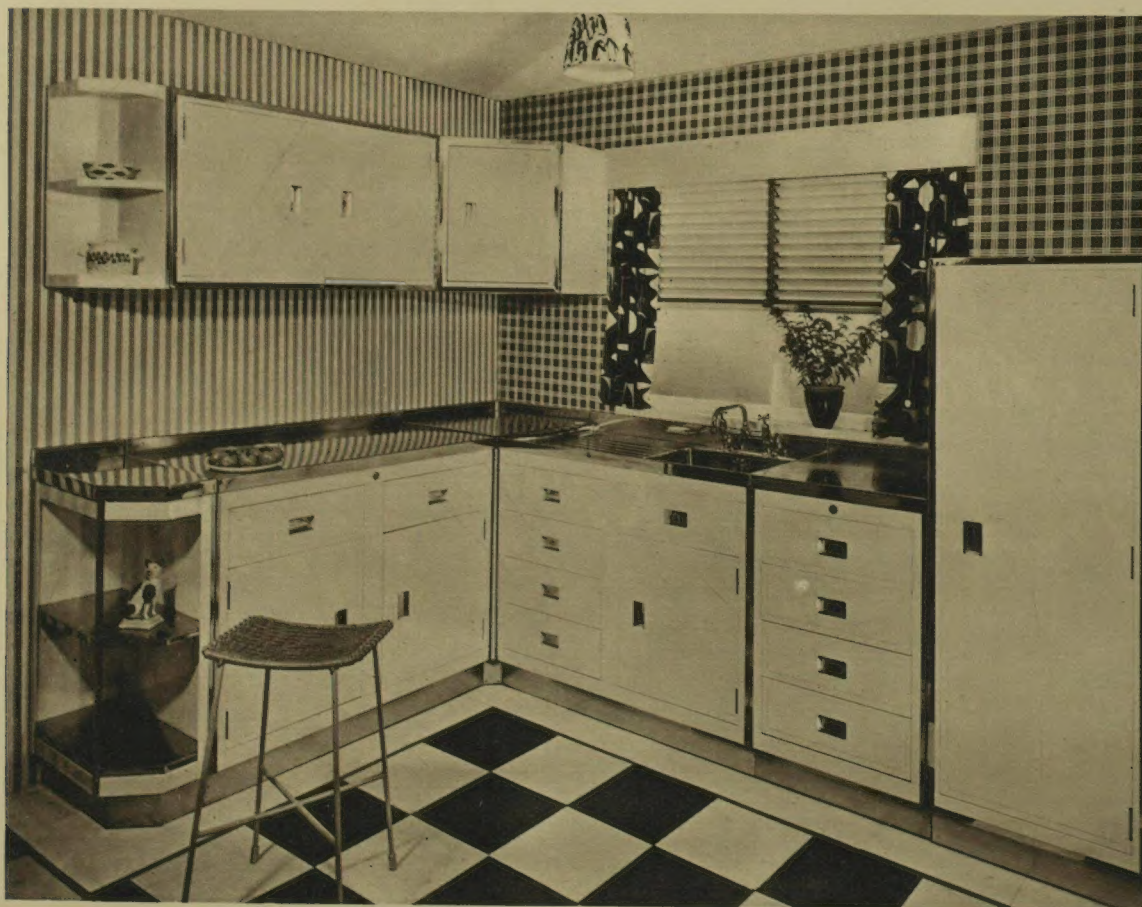
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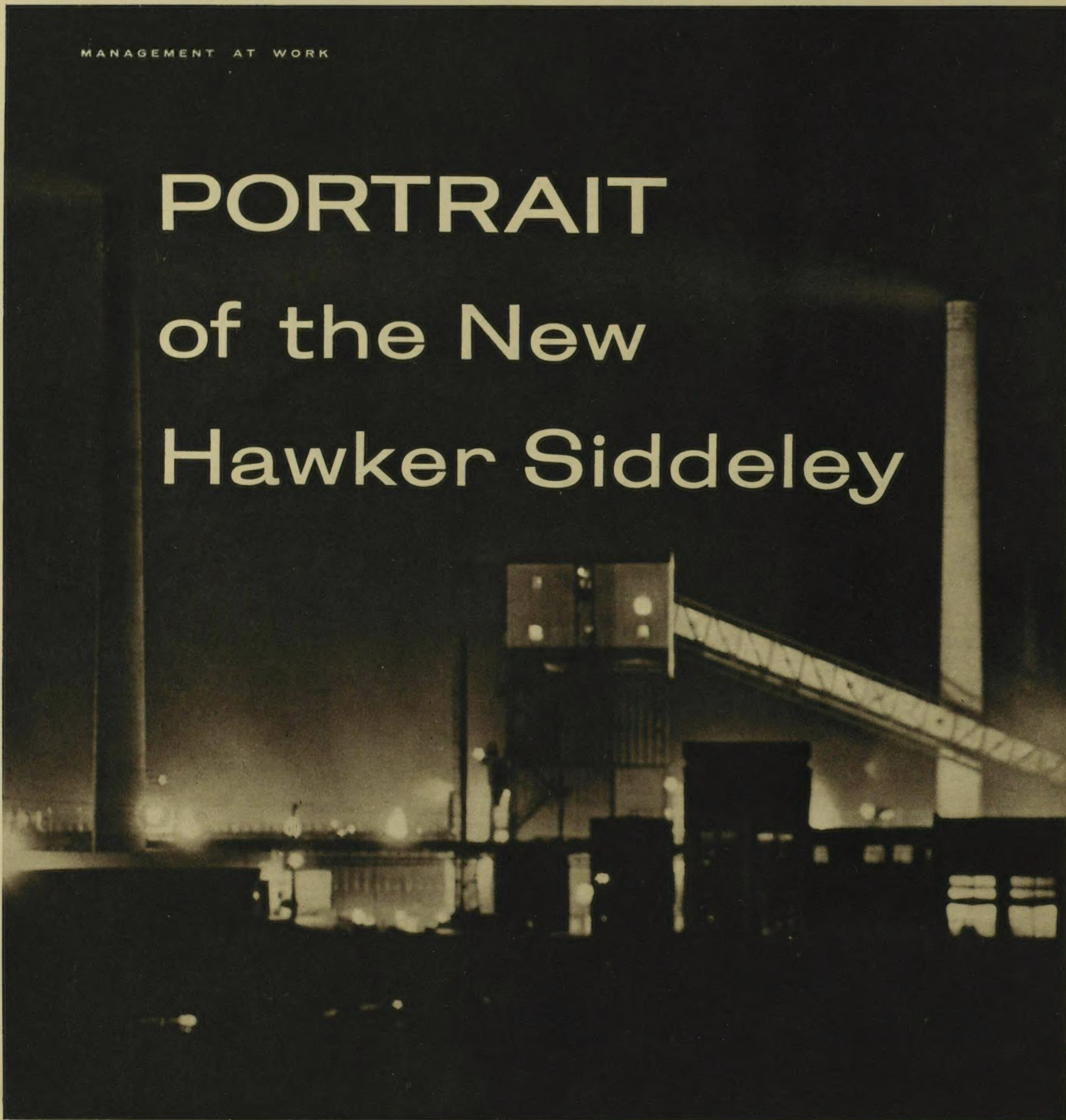
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MANAGEMENT AT WORK

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1958.



COMPLETELY SUCCESSFUL AT THE FIRST ATTEMPT: *BLACK KNIGHT*—BRITAIN'S BALLISTIC MISSILE, WHICH WAS FIRED AT THE WOOMERA RANGE, AUSTRALIA, ON SEPTEMBER 7.

Britain's first ballistic missile—*Black Knight*—was successfully fired at the Woomera range in Australia at 9 a.m. B.S.T. on September 7. About 35 ft. long and 3 ft. in diameter, it was stated by Dr. G. W. H. Gardner, Director of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, to have reached "Sputnik height," which he defined as "anything between 150 and 1000 miles." He

also added that we now "have the ironmongery for firing to Sputnik height. This does not mean that we could put up a vehicle of the size or weight we would like. That has yet to be demonstrated." The behaviour of the rocket during flight was meticulously recorded. The remains of the nose cone were found on the following day, and assembled for scientific examination.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the most alarming phenomena of our uneasy age is the facility with which man with his latest fine mechanical tools and toys can destroy the natural growth of ages. The supreme example of this facility, of course, is the atomic bomb, a few of which, dropped with strategic discernment, can apparently now destroy the whole world, including man himself, in the space of a few days. For this reason, however, it is just possible, for all humanity's seeming insanity, this particular product of man's enquiring and restless mind may never be used, in which case our fears about it will have proved groundless. But there are plenty of other destructive apparatuses which are being used daily and *ad lib.* and which will no doubt continue to be used, however ultimately disastrous their effects. During the days of fine autumnal weather, that at the end of August and beginning of September followed the rainy and windy summer of 1958, strollers in Hyde Park were presented, on a minor scale, with a pretty illustration of our wonderful present destructive capacity. In a few hours the magnificent planes that for a century and more have screened the south-eastern corner of this noble Royal Park from the Knightsbridge traffic were sent crashing to the ground with all their summer foliage still glorious upon them, and, amid screeching saws, the roar of bulldozers and before a background of hideous corrugated iron, a vista of peaceful, trim and shady lawn, dear to generations of Londoners, was violently transformed into a shambles worthy almost of a Johannesburg slum. Soon, no doubt, it will all be turned into permanent concrete, tarmac and what are called installations, and the traffic will roar over it at yet another entry into the dwindling and ever noisier Park. All along its eastern edge, where now of a late afternoon or evening the traffic travels at the pace of a by-pass road with the apparent assent of the police and Park authorities, a further wholesale massacre of screening trees, among the finest in London, is apparently to follow. Earlier this year a vast erection of uncompromisingly ugly and unprecedentedly tall business offices was allowed by one or other of the Authorities responsible for the guardianship of London's amenities to raise its flat head and drab, slablike sides along the southern edge of the Park, a few hundred yards to the west, while through its midst another roadway has been driven into what was formerly an oasis of green beauty and quiet, but which has recently become—for pedestrians and harried lovers of quiet—that most perilous of all highway combinations—a joint arterial road and car park, not to mention a promenade for prostitutes serving the needs of itinerant car-drivers—without even the saving grace, at least allowed in the streets outside, of an occasional pedestrian crossing. And only three years ago, at the other end of the green, leafy square mile of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens—that haven of peace and rest in the heart of an ever-expanding London—hundreds of magnificent elms were hastily felled, most of them quite needlessly, in favour of a new avenue of young trees, half of which were uprooted and replanted a year later and which are bound to take at least two generations before they can provide a canopy in place of the barren wilderness that man has now created between Kensington Gore and

the Bayswater Road. For, though it only takes a minute or two to destroy a tree, it takes fifty and even a hundred years to make a tree. Indeed, in the conditions of modern London, it is by no means certain that a tree of major stature can reach maturity at all, for, apart from the juvenile and adolescent vandalism that the modern Park authorities seem, unlike their predecessors of fifty years ago, so unable to control, it must be remembered that the glorious planes, elms and chestnuts that make the Royal Parks of London one of Britain's crowning glories, all grew up in days when Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens were still virtually country abutting westwards on to green fields.

SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW PRIME MINISTER.



ELECTED LEADER OF THE NATIONALIST PARTY IN SUCCESSION TO MR. STRYDOM, AND THUS AUTOMATICALLY HIS SUCCESSOR AS PRIME MINISTER: DR. H. F. VERWOERD, FORMERLY MINISTER OF NATIVE AFFAIRS.

On September 2 the parliamentary caucus of the Nationalist Party elected Dr. Verwoerd as their leader in succession to the late Mr. Strydom. Dr. Verwoerd, who was Minister of Native Affairs in Mr. Strydom's Government, thus automatically became Prime Minister of South Africa. There were two ballots, the other candidates being Dr. Dönges and Mr. Swart. Dr. Verwoerd was born in Holland in 1901 and brought to South Africa as an infant when his father emigrated. Educated at Wynberg (Cape), Bulawayo, and Brandfort, in the Free State, he graduated in psychology at Stellenbosch University, where he became Professor of Applied Psychology after attending the Universities of Hamburg, Leipzig and Berlin. In 1937 he became first Editor of the *Transvaler*, the Nationalist newspaper at Johannesburg. In 1948 he was elected to the South African Senate, and soon became Nationalist Whip. In 1950 he was appointed Minister of Native Affairs. Throughout his career Dr. Verwoerd has shown strong intolerance of all opposition, and he is a fanatical believer in *apartheid*. In a broadcast on September 3 Dr. Verwoerd said that he would devote all his energies to the development of a republic in South Africa.

All over the country, as over the world, similar destruction is being wrought daily, not in the ordinary course of the forestry cycle of birth, growth, maturity and decay or replacement, but to serve alleged though, in nine cases out of ten, illusory human needs. Trees are being cut down on almost every conceivable pretext, and usually—though not, I am afraid, always—out of high motives, but the other side of the balance sheet—the friendly services that these trees do man, generation after generation—is never, or scarcely ever, considered. "To the trees," Mr. St. Barbe Baker has written in his noble book, "Dance of

the Trees," "we owe that quality of our food, the quantity of our water, and the purity of the very air we breathe. Their roots dig deep and tap the minerals and bring them to the leaves, which in turn fall to the surface and replenish the soil. Trees are nature's fertilisers; they will seed themselves; they are self-contained, self-running and self-replenishing. . . . They protect the watersheds and regulate the rainfall, keep the banks of streams moist and soft and prevent floods. They break the force of rain as it falls and the forest acts as a sponge, absorbing and storing the water for future use. Trees absorb the moisture from the clouds and fogs, and allow it to drip from

their leaves to the ground, thus feeding the streams. They shade the stream from the rays of the sun and prevent evaporation. We know, too, that trees absorb moisture from the earth and release it through their leaves—cooling the air. They modify the temperature, they contribute to health, they purify the air by absorbing the carbonic acid gas exhaled by man and they give out the oxygen that we need. But for the trees we should not have pure air. The bigger the cities the more important it is to have green belts, for the trees are the lungs of the city."\*

Happily there is another side to the picture. While the appalling destruction of earth's tree cover goes on apace in America, Africa and Australia—in the United States it is said that the forest capital is being eaten up at four and a half times the pace of the annual wood increment, while Canada's immense forest wealth will be exhausted at the present rate of destruction in another twenty-five years—two great countries, Russia and China, whatever may be said on other grounds against their policies, are making a magnificent effort to replace the natural tree cover of the earth that man is so prodigally and suicidally destroying. In the U.S.S.R. a 3000-mile shelter-belt has been completed in the past ten years; in China millions of trees have been planted to halt the eastward advance of the Gobi desert. And in several smaller countries like New Zealand, Morocco, Egypt and Israel—particularly in little, tawny Israel—a heroic work of reforestation is being performed. Even in modern Britain the great work of the Forestry Commission and of thousands of private woodland owners is doing something to restore the face, health and permanent wealth of what was formerly one of the most richly-wooded countries of Europe. The County Planning Authority of Essex has recently given a splendid and sorely needed example to its fellow statutory Authorities by restocking the Essex woodlands and planting for landscape, amenity and future wealth and well-being; in the new town of Harlow alone 50,000 forest trees

and 60,000 shrubs are being planted. Another Essex Authority with a fine record is the Brentwood Urban District Council which, instead of thoughtlessly felling healthy trees in the area it controls, invariably seeks to preserve them and to make them serve the ends of the community. It is heartening to hear of such exceptions to the normal rule of bureaucratic destructiveness and indifference and to know that someone in modern Britain is thinking of the future, not merely of motor traffic, but of mankind.

\* R. St. Barbe Baker, "Dance of the Trees," Oldbourne Press, pp. 186-187.



# ENGLAND'S FIRST RIOTS BETWEEN WHITE AND COLOURED PEOPLE.



AN ARREST IS MADE (LEFT) DURING THE RIOTING BETWEEN COLOURED AND WHITE PEOPLE WHICH TOOK PLACE IN NOTTING HILL, LONDON, ON SEPTEMBER 1.



A POLICEMAN WITH HIS ALSATIAN POLICE DOG WALKS WITH A GROUP OF WHITE PEOPLE DURING THE NOTTING HILL DISTURBANCES.



A YOUTH IS MARCHED AWAY INTO CUSTODY BY TWO POLICEMEN. HE WAS ONE OF ABOUT THIRTY PEOPLE ARRESTED BEFORE MID-NIGHT ON SEPTEMBER 1 DURING THE NOTTING HILL RIOTING.



ALFRED ROAD, PADDINGTON: A CAN OF BLAZING PETROL WAS HURLED THROUGH THIS WINDOW OF A COLOURED WOMAN'S FLAT.



A WHITE MAN BEING SEARCHED DURING A FURTHER NIGHT OF RIOTING IN THE NOTTING HILL DISTRICT ON SEPTEMBER 2, THE FOURTH SUCCESSIVE NIGHT OF TROUBLE.



A GREAT CROWD OF COLOURED PEOPLE LEAVING FRIENDS' HOUSE, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, LAST SUNDAY, AFTER LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS BY JAMAICA'S CHIEF MINISTER, MR. NORMAN MANLEY.

"I've come here to help. I've not come here to quarrel," said Mr. Norman Manley, Jamaica's Chief Minister, when he arrived in England last Friday to help solve the problems arising out of the grave outbreak of inter-racial rioting which had broken out for the first time in this country. With Mr. Manley was Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Colonial Secretary, and Dr. Carl Lacorbiniere, who is Deputy Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation.



MR. NORMAN MANLEY TALKING TO BOTH WHITE AND COLOURED PEOPLE IN ST. MARK'S ROAD, NOTTING HILL, WHEN HE TOURED THE AREA LAST SATURDAY.

Two days later Dr. Hugh Cummins, Premier of Barbados, also arrived here for discussions. The chief centres of disturbance have been Nottingham and the Notting Hill district of London, where on one evening police reserves had to be called out to cope with a mob of more than 2000 youths who were attacking coloured people's houses. Later the Government announced that there would be "the utmost strictness" in the impartial enforcement of the law.



# FROM AIRCRAFT TO ELEPHANTS: A MISCELLANY OF RECENT NEWS ITEMS.



MOSCOW BOUND: MALINI (LEFT) FROM WHIPSNADE AND DUMBO (FROM REGENT'S PARK), TWO ZOO ELEPHANTS WHICH ARE BEING EXCHANGED WITH MOSCOW ZOO FOR FOUR SNOW LEOPARDS—SEEN AT SURREY DOCKS.



AFTER ITS ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT FOR NOISE TESTS: THE PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS BOEING 707-120 JET AIRLINER, SHOWING TWO ENGINE "PODS" WITH NOISE-SUPPRESSING EQUIPMENT.



A FULL-LENGTH VIEW OF THE BOEING 707-120 AT LONDON AIRPORT. THIS MODEL HAS A MAXIMUM CRUISING SPEED OF 591 M.P.H. AND CARRIES 124-150 PASSENGERS. On September 8, the first Boeing 707 *Stratoliner* arrived in this country for a period of experiment with operational procedures and noise tests, followed by a first trial flight.

If these tests are successful and approval is granted, Pan-American Airways hope to start a regular daily service with this jet airliner by the end of the year.



ON A SORTIE OVER THE CHINESE MAINLAND: A FORMATION OF NATIONALIST CHINESE JET FIGHTERS TAKING PART IN THE DEFENCE OF QUEMOY.

It has been reported that the Chinese Nationalist forces have 100 American *Sabre* jet aircraft, which have been playing a vital part in the defence of Quemoy and the other offshore islands under bombardment and the threat of invasion from Communist China.



BOUGHT BY SIR ANTHONY EDEN AS HIS NEW HOME: FYFIELD MANOR, AT PEWSEY, WILTS, NOT FAR FROM MARLBOROUGH, A PLEASANT SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

Fyfield Manor, which was the home of the late Lord Hudson, a former Minister of Agriculture, has been bought by Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, who hope to move in at the end of this month from their cottage "Rose Bower," at Broad Chalke. With Fyfield Manor go about 50 acres.



THE HUGE CROWD AT THE LAST DAY OF A RECORD "FARNBOROUGH": IN ALL 238,000 MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC VISITED THE SHOW ON THE OPEN DAYS.

This year's Air Display and Exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors at Farnborough has been described as "the best ever." A record number of over 360 firms exhibited at the show, which closed on September 6, and a number of immediate sales

were made—which is unusual, since the show is rather a magnet and a "shop window" than a market-place. Apart from thousands of overseas and other specially invited guests, 238,000 members of the public saw the show, 110,000 of them on the last day.



# ATTENDED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY: A SUCCESSFUL BRAEMAR GATHERING IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE.



(Left.)  
AT THE BRAEMAR  
GATHERING ON SEP-  
TEMBER 4: A COM-  
PETITOR ABOUT TO  
TOSS THE CABER IN  
THIS EVER-POPULAR  
EVENT.



(Right.)  
MARCHING PAST THE  
ROYAL PAVILION  
WATCHED BY THE  
QUEEN AND HER  
FAMILY: SOME OF  
THE PIPERS TAKING  
PART IN THE PARADE  
OF MASSED PIPES AND  
DRUMS—THERE  
WERE 270 PIPERS AND  
DRUMMERS TAKING  
PART.



IN THE ROYAL PAVILION: THE QUEEN AND HER FAMILY WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST. THE QUEEN MOTHER IS TALKING WITH THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN.



WATCHED BY SOME OF THE COMPETITORS: THE JUDGES MEASURING DISTANCES IN THE  
STONE-THROWING CONTEST.



COMPETING IN THE SWORD-DANCING: RHONA AND ANN MCLAREN, SEVEN-YEAR-OLD TWIN  
DAUGHTERS OF THE FACTOR OF THE INVERCAULD ESTATES.

There was a crowd of about 25,000 to welcome the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales, Princess Anne, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret when they arrived at the Braemar Gathering during the afternoon of September 4. Fortunately it was a day of brilliant sunshine with no sign of possible rain or storm. The Royal party was greeted by the music of the massed bands of 270 pipers and drummers in Highland

dress, and after the official welcome the Queen and her family watched the various events of the programme from the Royal Pavilion. Princess Anne left her chair and stood behind her mother to take some photographs of the scene. The bouquet of white heather presented to the Queen was designed in the form of Prince of Wales's feathers in honour of Prince Charles's first appearance at the Braemar Gathering as Prince of Wales.



SPECULATION about future events in the Quemoy group of islands is rash just now: At the time of writing, the bombardment from the mainland has been going on for a fortnight, with phases of extreme violence, and it is on the cards that some more sensational move may take place within a day or two. It may well be an understatement to say that the supply of these Nationalist-held islands is in serious danger, and the word "severed" might be nearer the mark. It is freely admitted that a number of supply ships have been sunk, that others have been badly damaged, and that still others have been forced to turn back to Formosa. The defenders have been improving their field-works for years and it is unlikely that their losses have been heavy. Paralysis is the threat.

So after a long period during which the Quemoy islands have lain in shadow, a bright light once more picks them out. At the same time, the international problems, which had more or less subsided with the earlier shooting, have been re-embodied with the fresh bombardments, and in a form more sinister than ever. It is a one-sided battle. The Communists can concentrate as much heavy artillery as they choose and shift it as they desire. Their air forces are considerably stronger and rather more modern than those of the Nationalists. Their airfields and the railway to Amoy are still immune from attack. It is not certain that, if they wanted to, they could now even withdraw without heavy loss.

"Outpost line," often used of the Quemoy islands and the Matsus, is a misnomer. Outposts are rarely, if ever, fortresses to be held at all costs, and if they were would not be sited on the enemy's doorstep or composed of from a quarter to a third of the whole force. They are mobile and relatively small bodies designed to prevent the main body from being surprised or harassed. These islands actually began by being rearguard stations when the Nationalists retreated to Formosa, and for long they hoped to invade the mainland from them and recover what they had lost. Had the scheme been within their power, the islands would have been very useful, but they are much less so from the point of view of defence.

They do not look to be worth the strong garrison which must be assigned to them if they are to be held at all or the risks to which it is inevitably exposed. This by no means applies to all the islands in the Formosa Channel. The Pescadores would be worth defending to the last gasp, but, then, they are far more defensible. On the other hand, the loss of the offshore islands would be a heavy moral blow to the Formosan Government and would certainly create deep depression. It would be a psychological triumph for Communist China, and it is mainly to win a cold-war victory that this tremendous pressure has been applied. The surrender of Quemoy with a considerable proportion of its garrison would be a signal triumph, though its acquisition would be of limited military value.

Communism needs one of these fillips at frequent intervals, and we have all too much experience of how effective they can be. One can hardly conceive a state of affairs more favourable to them. A vast Asian population, independent for the first time in history, looks on in

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE OFFSHORE ISLANDS AGAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

admiration and wonderment, with a hope that these exploits may somehow, and at some time, bring with them material betterment. In nearly every case such educated and sophisticated leaders as they possess, though they call themselves "neutralists," lean to the Communist side because they are too terrified to do otherwise. They certainly do little or nothing to expose the obvious fallacies of much Communist propaganda.

An attempt to capture one or more of the

DEFENDING THE QUEMOY ISLANDS.



THE NERVE-CENTRE OF THE DEFENCE OF THE QUEMOY ISLANDS: THE PLOTTING ROOM AT THE NATIONAL CHINESE MILITARY HEADQUARTERS ON QUEMOY ISLAND.



TRYING TO COMBAT THE ACUTE WATER SHORTAGE ON QUEMOY ISLAND—ONE OF MANY SUPPLY PROBLEMS FACING THE DEFENDERS: CHINESE NATIONALIST SOLDIERS TESTING SAMPLES OF FRESH WATER PRODUCED FROM SEA-WATER.

On September 4, when the bombardment from the Chinese mainland of Quemoy and other Nationalist-held offshore islands had reached its thirteenth consecutive day, the Peking Government announced the immediate enforcement of a 12-mile territorial waters limit. On the following day the United States, after further consultations between President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles, declared its intention of intervening to repel a Chinese assault on the principal offshore islands, if the Nationalist forces proved unable to defend themselves. The almost immediate Chinese response was to suggest talks at Ambassadorial level over the Formosa crisis, and this offer was promptly accepted by the United States. As the result of this development the bombardment was halted, at least for the time being.

islands is certainly possible at any time now—and Tatan is thought to be in particular danger—but my own guess is that the Communists will avoid the not inappreciable risk of a reverse and try to throttle the defence with aircraft and artillery. This prospect brings us face to face with the rôle of the United States. It is not disputed that the Formosan Government has been asking

that aid in delivering supplies should be provided by the United States Seventh Fleet. This, as will be clear even to those without military knowledge, might lead a long way on the path to belligerency. Provision of more warships and aircraft would be simpler and less provocative.

During the last crisis in the Formosa Channel, American spokesmen were understandably cautious in their comments, but they gave the impression that, while the United States was ready to go to any lengths to preserve the integrity of Formosa, she was unwilling to be involved in the defence of the offshore islands. This is less certain to-day. Mr. Dulles has said that Communist China would be unwise to count on non-intervention in the event of an attempt to seize these islands. The Secretary of Defence has since said much the same

thing and the Admiral on the spot rather more. It is rather like a game of poker, but one with high stakes, which would have to be paid with blood as well as gold. One must sympathise with the dilemma faced by the President and his Secretary of State, who have no room for manoeuvre.

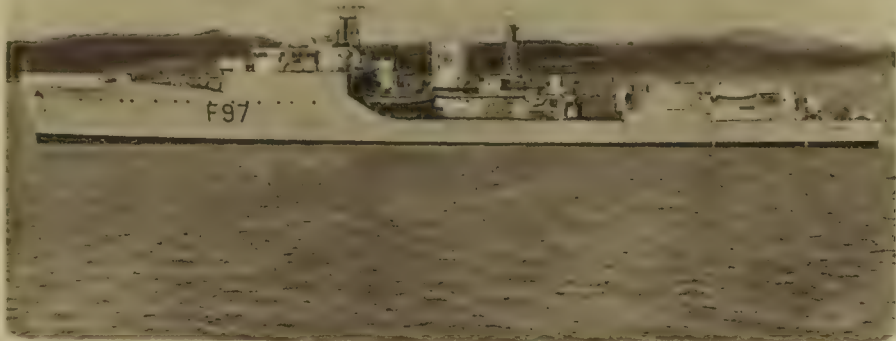
It looks as though they have made up their minds to intervene if the loss of the offshore islands seems imminent, and that they regard this attitude as the only one likely to save them. One could, indeed, argue plausibly that it would be more dangerous to shrink from it than to take it up. Before these words are read there may have been a statement on the subject couched in words more precise than any yet used. It is possible that such a statement would cause the Communists to hold up their assault, supposing that they had planned one. But it would not end the bombardment and it would do nothing to break the deadlock. There are no immediate prospects of that, and it would be visionary to expect it. The best to be hoped for is to keep things quiet.

About British views there has been no ambiguity in the past. The distinction between defence of Formosa and of the offshore islands has been clearly stated, and the view has been expressed that the latter can be regarded in no other light than that of appendages to the mainland. But, then, this is not the British Government's dilemma, though the decision taken might have serious consequences for it. There is also the consideration that the policy implicit in the British official view, while it could at one time have been put into force without undue difficulty, is another matter now that the Formosan Government has become so deeply committed to the defence of the offshore islands and the Quemoy group in particular.

One can hardly doubt that a full-scale intervention of the Seventh Fleet for the protection of the offshore islands—and, of course, most of all the use of tactical atomic weapons, which rumour says the President's military advisers favour—would have a very unhappy effect on Anglo-American relations. This would be tragic because, after many recent vicissitudes, they are at present excellent. There is no need to add that worse consequences than this might emerge. On the other hand, the Secretary of Defence, Mr. McElroy, is very likely right in his view that the reinforcement of the Seventh Fleet will show Communist China that invasion of the islands will not pay and that they are not ready to damn the consequences. But I trust a tight hold on the bombs will be ordered and assured.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



H.M.S. RUSSELL, AN ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE AND ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY USED IN PROTECTING BRITISH TRAWLERS IN ICELANDIC WATERS.



THE FRIGATE RUSSELL, MANOEUVRING TO FORCE THE ICELANDIC GUNBOAT ODINN (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AWAY FROM THE BRITISH TRAWLERS SHE WAS TRYING TO HARRY INSIDE THE ICELANDIC 12-MILE LIMIT. AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



SEEN AT REYKJAVIK, ICELAND'S LARGEST COASTGUARD VESSEL, THOR, WHICH PUT A BOARDING PARTY ON THE NORTHERN FOAM. THE BOARDERS WERE REMOVED BY H.M.S. EASTBOURNE.

### OFF ICELAND: NAVAL PROTECTION FOR BRITISH TRAWLERS.

ON September 1, British trawlers off the coast of Iceland moved into three boxes or areas off the south-east, west and north coasts of Iceland in order to be able to fish within the 12-mile limit (on which Iceland is unilaterally insisting) under the protection of British warships. The protecting vessels were the frigates *Eastbourne*, *Palliser* and *Russell*, the ocean minesweeper *Hound* and the fleet replenishment vessel *Black Ranger*. On September 2, boarding parties set out from *Thor* and *Maria Julia*, and one succeeded in boarding the trawler *The Northern Foam*, the other being repelled by *Cape Campbell*. H.M.S. *Eastbourne* came to the relief of *The Northern Foam*. Other attempts at boarding were made, but without success and in reasonably good humour.

### PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA: MR. STRYDOM'S FUNERAL.

THE actual burial of the late Prime Minister of South Africa, Mr. J. G. Strydom, at Pretoria, was a private ceremony, but it was preceded by State funeral ceremonies which included a memorial service at the amphitheatre of the Union Building in Pretoria. It was attended by some 10,000 persons and Mrs. Strydom, the Prime Minister's widow, who had been in hospital, being present in a wheel-chair. The service was conducted in English and Afrikaans and the Queen was represented by the Acting Chief Justice of South Africa, Mr. Justice Shreiner, deputising for the Governor-General. During the procession from the amphitheatre to the cemetery at the other end of the city, flights of military aircraft dipped in salute overhead.



OFFICERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN AIR FORCE LOWER MR. STRYDOM'S COFFIN ON THE CATAFALQUE AT THE AMPHITHEATRE OF THE UNION BUILDING FOR THE STATE FUNERAL SERVICE.



DURING THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE UNION BUILDING AMPHITHEATRE, PART OF THE STATE FUNERAL FOR MR. STRYDOM. THE BURIAL WAS A PRIVATE CEREMONY.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



**ATHENS, GREECE.** SILENT AND STILL: ONE OF THE STREETS OF ATHENS DURING THE THIRTY-MINUTE STANDSTILL STAGED IN GREECE ON SEPTEMBER 2.

On September 2 the Pan-Hellenic Committee for Cyprus Self-Determination, led by Archbishop Theoklitos, staged a half-hour silent standstill from 11 to 11.30 a.m. as a demonstration of solidarity with Greek Cypriots. Foreign tourists were advised to stay indoors.



**BERMUDA.** FIREMEN FIGHTING THE BLAZE IN THE BERMUDIANA HOTEL, AT HAMILTON, BERMUDA. IT WAS FEARED THAT THE HOTEL WOULD BE A TOTAL LOSS.



**CYPRUS.** THE COFFIN OF ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT DONALD THOMPSON, OF THE CYPRUS POLICE FORCE, IS LOWERED. HE WAS SHOT DEAD BY EOKA GUNMEN IN NICOSIA.



**THE ALPS.** A HELICOPTER CRASH ON MONT BLANC: THE WRECKAGE OF THE ALOUETTE, IN WHICH FOUR PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES IN A RECENT DISASTER.

Three men and one woman were killed recently when the helicopter in which they were travelling touched with its rotor the telephone wire of the Mont Blanc funicular. The aircraft crashed near the summit; and guides took six hours to reach the four bodies.



**BERMUDA.** THE BERMUDIANA HOTEL ABLAZE ON SEPTEMBER 4. THE FIRE STARTED IN THE ROOF, BUT AFTER TWO HOURS THE WHOLE FRONT OF THE BUILDING WAS ON FIRE. The Bermudiana Hotel, one of Hamilton's largest hotels, was the scene on September 2 of the Speaker's Dinner attended by Mr. Lennox-Boyd. The Negro M.P.s, though invited, boycotted the dinner, in protest against the hotel's usual colour bar.



**CYPRUS.** THE FUNERAL IN THE BRITISH MILITARY CEMETERY, NICOSIA, OF WARRANT OFFICER FRANCIS SLOANE, R.A.F., MURDERED WHILE WALKING WITH HIS WIFE.

Despite persistent rumours that the British Government plans the return of Archbishop Makarios to Cyprus, the brief terrorist truce is over. Last Sunday Colonel Grivas, EOKA leader, distributed a leaflet in which he threatened that "for every Greek murdered, an Englishman will be murdered."



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. THE PLANNED HEADQUARTERS OF THE U.S. MISSION TO THE UNITED NATIONS: AN ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE BUILDING, WHICH IS SCHEDULED TO BEGIN ON NOV. 1.



TORTONA, ITALY. A NEW 39-FT.-HIGH STATUE OF THE VIRGIN, AT THE MOMENT IT WAS ILLUMINATED BY THE POPE BY RADIO CONTROL FROM THE VATICAN.

This large statue, made of copper from old pans collected during twenty years by the priest Don Drione, is to stand on a 184-ft. steeple and it was blessed and illuminated by the Pope by radio on August 28. The steeple is not yet ready.



DUSSELDORF, W. GERMANY. TO MASK AN EYESORE. THIS CONSTRUCTION OF WHITE ROD LATTICE WAS PUT TO COVER THE BLANK END WALL OF THE HOUSE.

(Right.)  
PORTUGAL. A FLOTILLA OF SMALL BOATS OFF SESIMBRA, CARRYING CONTESTANTS IN THE SKIN-DIVING CONTEST IN WHICH TWELVE NATIONALITIES TOOK PART.

The end of August saw the world skin-diving championships taking place at sea off Sesimbra, in Portugal. It is reported that 68 divers from twelve countries took part, France winning both team and individual championships.



(Right.)  
PORTUGAL. THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPION IN THE SKIN-DIVING CONTESTS: THE FRENCHMAN JULES CURMAN, WITH A FISH AS LONG AS HIMSELF.



PREDAPPIO, ITALY. DONNA RACHELE MUSSOLINI, THE DICTATOR'S WIDOW, ATTENDING AN OPEN-AIR MASS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS REBURIAL. On August 31, the first anniversary of the reburial of the mortal remains of Benito Mussolini, was the occasion of an open-air Mass in front of the cemetery, attended by large numbers of members of the Neo-Fascist Party, who had travelled there from many parts of Italy.



PREDAPPIO, ITALY. MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN NEO-FASCIST PARTY, GIVING THE OLD FASCIST SALUTE BEFORE A BUST OF BENITO MUSSOLINI, WREATHED IN GARLANDS.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE MAIN STREET ON THE TINY ISLAND OF MATSU, WHICH LIES CLOSE TO THE CHINESE MAINLAND, AND IS NATIONALIST-HELD.



WITHIN EASY RANGE OF THE COMMUNIST CHINESE GUNS AND AIRCRAFT: THE STONE AND BRICK HOUSES IN A VILLAGE ON THE SLOPE OF A HILL ON MATSU ISLAND.



PREPARED FOR AN ATTACK FROM COMMUNIST CHINA: SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS AT AN AMMUNITION DUMP ON A BEACH.



ON THE WAY TO HER WEDDING: A YOUNG BRIDE ON MATSU ISLAND, WHERE LIFE GOES ON REASONABLY NORMALLY DESPITE THE CONSTANT THREAT.



PREPARING TRENCHES TO DAUNT THE INVADERS: MEN, WOMEN AND SCHOOLCHILDREN LENDING A HAND IN THE DEFENCE OF THEIR ISLAND.



LEARNING THE RUDIMENTS OF WAR: MATSU SCHOOLGIRLS RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM A SOLDIER ON WHAT THEIR DUTIES WOULD BE IN THE EVENT OF A COMMUNIST LANDING.

### THE CHINA SEA. HELD BY THE NATIONALISTS AND THREATENED BY THE COMMUNISTS: MATSU ISLAND.

The Nationalist-held island of Matsu lies close to the Chinese mainland, some forty miles north-east of the great port of Minhow (Foochow). In the current crisis between Communist China and the Nationalists, Matsu is in a constant state of tension, for, although not as yet (at the time of writing) heavily shelled like the other Nationalist-held offshore islands, it has been felt that this small island may well be treated as a stepping-stone by the Communists should they attempt the capture of Formosa. The island is heavily garrisoned and an

emergency order has been issued to all civilian inhabitants, including children, instructing them to help in the defence of the island should it be invaded. The heavy bombardment of the Quemoy group of islands was still continuing on September 4, and after consultations between President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles, the United States warned Communist China that American forces were deployed in the Western Pacific to take "timely and effective action" should the President determine that the security of Formosa was threatened.



# ARCHÆOLOGY BEHIND THE "CHINESE CURTAIN": TWO OUTSTANDING HAN DYNASTY TOMBS RECENTLY EXCAVATED IN CHINA.

By WILLIAM WILLETTTS, author of the recent publication, "Chinese Art" (Penguin Books).

These photographs, here published for the first time in this country by courtesy of the Britain-China Friendship Association, show some results of the recent excavation of Han dynasty tombs in China (206 B.C.-A.D. 220). They will form part of a photographic exhibition showing the progress of archæology in modern China, which is shortly to tour this country. The exhibition opens at the City Art Gallery, Bristol, on October 4, and in London, at the Archæological Institute, on November 17. It will also include some of the photographs published in our issues of August 17 and August 24, 1957, in connection with two articles on "Recent Discoveries in Chinese Archæology," by Mr. William Watson, of the British Museum.

ALTHOUGH Han tomb art in the form of bas-relief slabs and burial objects (*ming ch'i*) has been comparatively well known in the West for the last half-century, our knowledge of the tombs themselves, as architectural constructions, has been much more fragmentary. Inside China itself, conditions which would have permitted the planned excavation of such buildings scarcely

an abundance of new materials, all of which are being studied under the general direction of the Academia Sinica. As well as chance finds, which are always dealt with on the spot, the Academia Sinica and the provincial archæological commissions also sponsor scheduled field excavations. Among these are the Han tombs at Wang-tu, in Hopei (excavated 1954), and at I-nan, in Shantung (1953-54). Both date from the second century A.D.

Of the Wang-tu construction it may be said that this is the first intact Han brick tomb to have been excavated, and that it contains, in the form of murals, the largest assemblage of Han paintings now known. The I-nan tomb, on the other hand, is a stone building, roofed by corbelling or cantilevering inwards a series of massive stone slabs over each chamber, which are bridged by carved capstones above (Fig. 10). Its interest lies

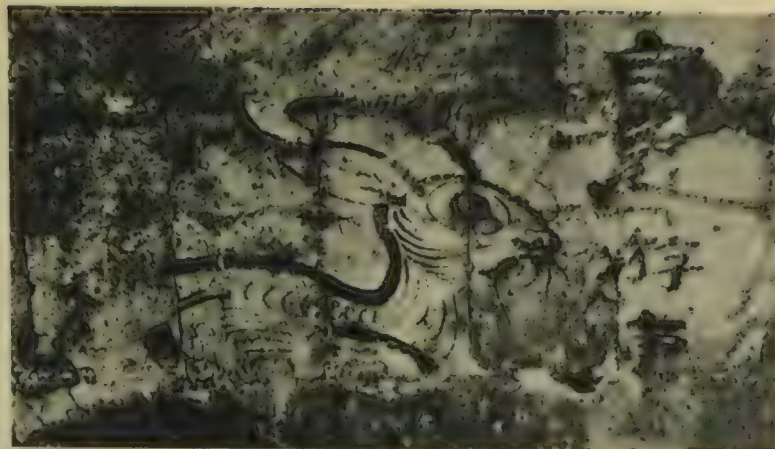


FIG. 1. FROM THE LOWER FRIEZE ON THE EAST WALL OF THE SOUTH CHAMBER IN THE HAN TOMB AT WANG-TU: THE PAI T'U YU TUNG SHAN—"WHITE HARE WHICH ROAMS THE EASTERN PEAK."

Southern T'ang dynasty, at Nanking, over 700 years later, we find exactly the same set of features: built of brick; with arched vaults; having three main chambers with side-chambers opening out; south-north orientation—even the total length of 21.5 metres, which compares with the 20-plus metres of the Wang-tu tomb.

The main interest of the Wang-tu tomb lies in its murals, which are to be found on the west, north and east walls of the south chamber, and in



FIG. 2. SUPPORTING THE ROOF OF THE CENTRAL CHAMBER OF THE I-NAN TOMB: A "BOAT-SHAPED BRACKET" (CHOU MU)—A REPRODUCTION IN STONE OF A FORM COMMON IN WOOD CONSTRUCTIONS, WHICH HAS BEEN A STANDARD FEATURE OF CHINESE ROOF SUPPORT FOR 2000 YEARS. AT THE SIDES THE BRACKET CONTINUES IN THE FORM OF DRAGON-SHAPED CANTILEVERS.

existed until recent years. Outside China, the Japanese had excavated brick tombs of the Han Dynasty at Ying-ch'êng-tzu and Nan-shan-li, in South Manchuria, and thereby revealed that these were beehive-shaped structures with arched vaults, with a south-north orientation, and in one case a rather complex and irregular layout of chambers. But the vaults had fallen in, and many of the murals that decorated their walls were deteriorated. In the far west of China, in Szechwan and Sikang, a number of rock-cut tombs with superb relief carvings had also been described and illustrated, and provided evidence of the wide geographical range and homogeneity of Han art and culture. But from metropolitan China there was little more than the collection of stone slabs from the Wu-liang-tz'u and Hsiao-t'ang Shan cemeteries in Shantung, and these, although excellent repositories of Han art, told us little about the architectural construction of the offering-shrines of which they formed a part, and which do not seem to have been standing after the eleventh century A.D.

Large-scale public works now progressing in modern China have presented archæologists with

in the quality of its bas-relief carvings, and, no less important, the fact that its interior reproduces details in stone of what must have been the contemporary style of domestic or palace wooden architecture (Fig. 2). We may observe here that certain features of these and other Han tombs seem to have been slavishly copied by posterity, and can be traced at least as late as the Sung period. Unlike the tombs of preceding dynasties, they are complete subterranean buildings; almost without exception they lie on, or near, a south-north axis, and the entrance is on the south side. How far back this inexorable south-north orientation goes in Chinese civilisation still remains to be seen, but it is certainly a feature of the houses whose floors have been recently uncovered at the Neolithic site of Pan-po, in Shensi, and this can be dated 2000-plus B.C. The tombs usually have three main axial chambers, the coffin or coffins being placed on a plinth or platform in the rear (north) chamber. Opening out of the main chambers is a series of side-chambers or furniture rooms, varying in number; at Wang-tu and I-nan they are five. When we turn to the newly-discovered tomb of the first ruler of the

the short corridor leading thence to the central chamber. The murals, which are executed in red, blue and yellow outlined with black, are disposed in two friezes. The upper features minor officials, perhaps attendants on the dead, since they all have their faces turned towards the north, the place of authority where he would have sat in life, and where his coffin now lay (Figs. 3 and 4). This south chamber, in fact, was presumably an offering-shrine like those of which the Wu-liang-tz'u and Hsiao-t'ang Shan slabs formed part. Inscriptions accompanying the figures record their titles of office; my translations, given in the captions, are highly tentative (Figs. 5 and 7).

The lower frieze displays a number of auspicious objects, birds, and beasts, among which we may recognise the *ling chih*, "fungus of immortality" and "the White Hare which roams the Eastern Peak" (the sacred Mount T'ai in Shantung) (Fig. 1). The two series, the one strictly down to earth, the other belonging to the world of magical Taoism and popular myth, well illustrate that co-existence of fact and fantasy in Han thought, which we see again in the bas-reliefs at I-nan.

[Continued overleaf.]



## THE HAN DYNASTY BRICK TOMB AT WANG-TU: SOME OF THE FINE MURALS.

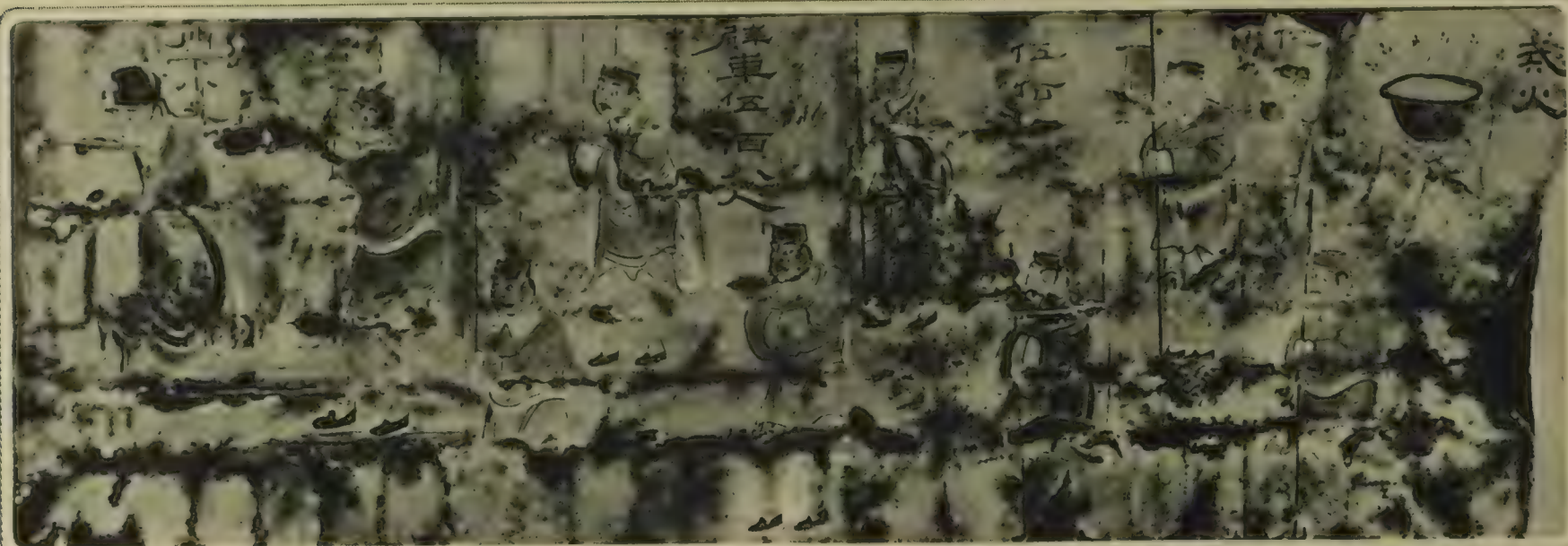


FIG. 3. A GROUP OF MINOR OFFICIALS, PERHAPS ATTENDANTS ON THE DEAD: THE UPPER FRIEZE OF THE MURAL ON THE EAST WALL OF THE SOUTH CHAMBER OF THE WANG-TU TOMB.

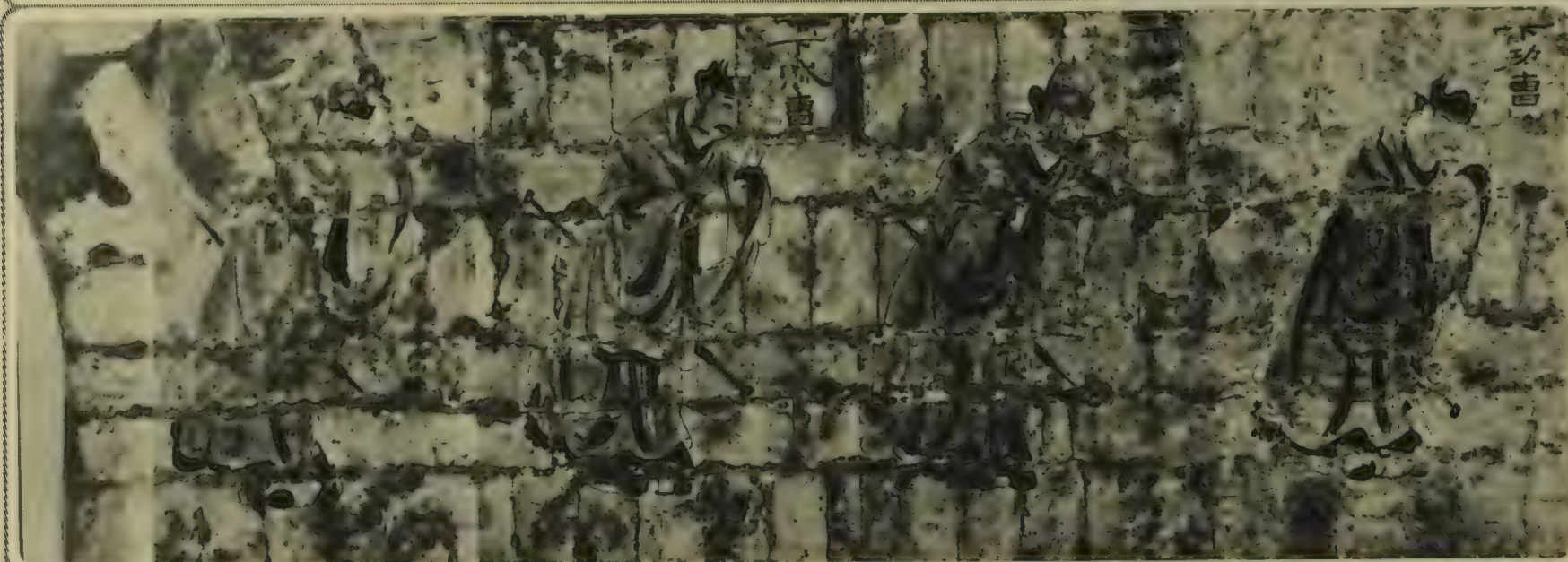


FIG. 4. THE UPPER FRIEZE ON THE WEST WALL OF THE SOUTH CHAMBER WITH ANOTHER GROUP OF MINOR OFFICIALS. THE MURALS ARE IN RED, BLUE AND YELLOW OUTLINED WITH BLACK.



FIG. 5. THE MENHSIATSETS'AO, THE "CRIME PREVENTION OFFICER—WHO STANDS BELOW THE GATE": ONE OF THE MINOR OFFICIALS ON THE WEST WALL (ABOVE).



FIG. 6. WITH THE REMAINS OF MURALS DEPICTING GATE-KEEPERS ON EITHER SIDE: THE STONE ENTRANCE GATES TO THE WANG-TU TOMB, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH CHAMBER.



FIG. 7. ONE OF THE PI CH'E WU PAI PA JEN—THE "508 CARRIAGE ATTENDANTS": A MINOR OFFICIAL ON THE EAST WALL. THE FIGURES ARE APPROXIMATELY LIFE-SIZE.

Continued.]

These bas-reliefs are a rich mine of popular mythology and Han daily life. On the entablature leading from the south to the central chamber, for example, is cut a detailed description of the battle between the mythical Yellow Emperor, Huang Ti, and the rebel Ch'ih-yu, who became one of the most popular creatures of Han fancy. He appears as a sort of God of War in Han art and theatre, usually with an animal mask, a tail, and a hairy body covered with scaly armour or "leopard spots"; and he usually carries a

number of weapons of war. His image can be dimly seen on one of the columns supporting the above-mentioned entablature (Fig. 9); above him is the Scarlet Bird of the South Quarter, and below the Tortoise of the North, enigmatically called the Sombre Warrior. A lacquered shield found in a Han wooden tomb at Lung-shêng-kang, Canton, in 1953, appropriately bears a representation of Ch'ih-yu; and perhaps he appears again as the uppermost figure on the left-hand column of the entrance gate to the I-nan tomb (Fig. 8).

[Continued opposite.



# THE I-NAN TOMB: A HAN STONE CONSTRUCTION WITH RICH CARVINGS.



FIG. 8. AT THE FOOT OF THE APPROACH RAMP IN THE SECOND CENTURY A.D. HAN DYNASTY STONE TOMB AT I-NAN, SHANTUNG: THE STONE DOUBLE ENTRANCE GATE WITH ITS FINE BAS-RELIEF CARVINGS WHICH ARE "A RICH MINE OF POPULAR MYTHOLOGY AND HAN DAILY LIFE."



FIG. 9. SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST: THE SOUTH CHAMBER OF THE I-NAN TOMB WITH ITS SUPPORTING PILLAR. THE CENTRAL CHAMBER IS SEEN ON THE LEFT AND A SIDE CHAMBER ON THE RIGHT. THE MASSIVE STONE COLUMN (BEYOND THE PILLAR) BEARS A REPRESENTATION OF CH'IH-YU.

*Continued.]*

These three columns seem to carry a whole complex of iconographic elements, one that recurs in Han tomb decoration and relates to Taoist myth and the quest for longevity or eternal life. At the bottom of the left-hand column we see Hsi Wang Mu, the Queen Mother of the West, while in a similar position on the right-hand column is her male counterpart of the East, Tung Wang Kung. Each sits on a high trifold throne, accompanied by a pair of musicians. At the bottom of the middle column is a typical 'ao-t'ieh mask, above which appears a "feathered man," yü jen, of the sort who attends on Hsi Wang Mu. At the top of this panel is depicted a man bending a compound cross-bow, an arrow in his mouth. This motive, which so far as I know has not been explained, also occurs on a bas-relief in Cave V at Chia-ting, in Szechwan, and on a stamped tomb brick, also of the Han period, from Honan. At the top of the right-hand column, appear the mythical personages Fu Hsi and his consort Nü Kua with their insignia, a mason's square and compasses, behind them. The entablature shows a battle on a bridge.



FIG. 10. SHOWING THE STONE RECONSTRUCTION OF FORMS TYPICAL OF WOODEN BUILDINGS: THE CAPSTONE OF ONE OF THE SMALL CHAMBERS IN THE I-NAN TOMB, WITH COFFERS AT EITHER END IMITATING IN RELIEF THE FORM OF THE LANTERN ROOF INDIGENOUS IN WESTERN ASIA.



## THE BRITISH SOLOMON.

"THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM. THE REIGN OF KING JAMES I AND VI": By WILLIAM McELWEE.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

JAMES I and VI has not been too kindly handled by historians, even by those who have favoured the other members of the Stuart family. He is generally regarded by such as a pedantic ass, in marked contrast with his far more romantic mother and younger son. Yet Francis Bacon praised him when he was alive, while John Donne lamented him after he was dead, and it would be idle to dismiss the views of such men as mere servile insincerity. There was clearly more to him than the Whig writers will allow, and Mr. McElwee has set out in these pages to discover the truth.

It is impossible to judge the policy of James in England except against the background of his reign in Scotland, for he was thirty-seven when he first crossed the Border. He was one of the most successful monarchs the northern kingdom ever knew, but in that very fact lay his chief weakness when he came South. He thought that the same kingcraft which had worked so well in Edinburgh would serve his purpose in London, and therein lay his undoing. Scotland in 1603 was in much the same condition as England at the end of the Wars of the Roses—it required strong government, but in the South strong government in itself had outlived its usefulness, and the time had come for some relaxation. Yet, as the author well puts it,

There was no fundamental reason why the co-operation of Crown and Parliament should not continue for another century if the King clearly understood the forces he was dealing with, avoided head-on clashes, and manoeuvred so as to preserve the reality of power without bothering overmuch about the theory of it. So far as his relations with Parliament were concerned, the situation which James inherited was, in fact, difficult but by no means impossible. Unfortunately, though, it required just those qualities of tact and flexibility in which James was most deficient. To start with, he talked far too much.

The King undoubtedly had a laudable desire to keep the peace both at home and abroad, but he had not come South to rule over a pacific nation. The naval glories of the previous reign had given the English an appetite for war which was only moderated by their extreme reluctance to pay for it. Nevertheless, in spite of the prevalent bellicose sentiments, James would have got his way more easily had he been more tactful. Elizabeth I had just as exalted an opinion of her position as had her successor, but she put it differently, and more acceptably. Moreover, she and her people had been through so many crises together that they understood one another perfectly. Not the least of James's mistakes was trying to begin where his predecessor had finished. He erred in the same way in foreign, as in domestic, politics: he overrated the importance of himself and the country he ruled; he thought that if he talked enough he would get his own way; and he ignored the psychology and circumstances of those whom he was addressing. It must also be remembered that, like most of the Stuarts, he matured and declined early.

The Scot in him loved that clear definition which is abhorrent to the English mind. That had not been the way in which the Tudor despotism had worked, for it depended on a series of delicate balances "which could work in practice only so

long as they were not subjected to any harsh dialectic and definition." "None of your damned Scotch metaphysics," George III was to say to Dundas, and the same observation might well have been made by the House of Commons to the first Stuart to rule over England.

At the accession of James I the dominant class in the southern kingdom was the country gentry. There were several reasons for this, of which not the least important were the weakening of the old nobility by the Wars of the Roses and the deliberate policy of the Tudors. The author entertains no exalted views regarding the *nouveaux riches* of the Reformation:

During the middle period of the century, when there had been no strong, restraining power at the centre, the propertied classes had shown themselves to be predatory and conscienceless, without any sense of national duty or responsibility. They reduced England to a frightening state of weakness abroad, and at home of disunity, discontent and near starvation. Thus the survival both of England and of Tudor monarchy depended not only on mobilizing the effort of the gentry, but also of restraining its greed, and canalizing its thirst for power into more responsible channels.

the sums it voted were never enough to meet the Royal needs.

Continual disputes about money would in themselves have been enough to spoil the harmony of the reign, but King and Parliament were also at loggerheads about religion. Here, however, James was on ground with which he was thoroughly acquainted, and he gave at least as good as he got. "Stay, I pray," he told the Puritans at the Hampton Court Conference, "for me seven years, before your demand, and then if you find me grow pursy and fat, I may, perchance, hearken unto you, for that government (*i.e.*, a Scottish presbytery) will keep me in breath, and give me work enough." Naturally he inclined to the bishops who declared that the King was inspired by the Spirit of God, even if this doctrine did tempt Sir John Harington to observe, "Then the Spirit is something foul-mouthed."

The author handles the minor characters of the period with knowledge and sympathy, and he is unquestionably right when he says of Henry, Prince of Wales:

Ironically enough the Puritan opposition which so grieved for Prince Henry's untimely death probably had every reason to be thankful that he did not live to mount the throne. . . . There would have been no shifts and evasions and no abandoning the struggle half-way through from laziness, and it seems likely that the fight for Parliamentary liberties would have been much sharper and much more difficult, and that Strafford would have found in Henry IX his ideal master.

It is also by no means impossible that Henry would have taken an active part in the Thirty Years' War, and so provided himself with that professional army the want of which was the basic weakness of his father and of his brother.

On balance James comes well out of the author's searching analysis. Perhaps his chief claim to a favourable judgment is that he gave the country twenty years of peaceful prosperity when the rest of Europe was being impoverished by war, and when it would have been so easy to have placated his critics by embarking on some adventurous policy. This should always be remembered to his credit, while, as we have seen, he certainly "was not such a figure of scorn to his contemporaries as he has become to historians."

Two years ago Mr. McElwee placed not only students of the seventeenth century, but also general readers in that period, much in his debt with "England's Precedence," and he has increased this debt with the present volume. There may be a balancing of conclusions here and there with which all of us will not agree, and there are one or two topics, such as the Scottish aid to Hugh O'Neil and the Gunpowder Plot, which might with advantage have been treated at greater length in the light of recent research; but these criticisms in no way detract from the merits of a very scholarly and readable work.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 446 of this issue.



JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND AS A BOY, BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

National Portrait Gallery of Scotland.



JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND SHORTLY BEFORE HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND, BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST—PROBABLY GERMAN.

National Portrait Gallery.



JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND AND I OF ENGLAND, IN 1621, BY DANIEL MYTENS.

National Portrait Gallery.

Illustrations reproduced from the book, "The Wisest Fool in Christendom," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.

Both James and his successor signally failed in this task, and the Civil War and the Protectorate were the consequence. It was not until the reign of Charles II that the Elizabethan control was re-established.

In financial matters King and Parliament alike were in the grip of forces which they did not understand. The value of money was steadily falling, and the consequent rise in the cost of living had been continuous ever since gold and silver from the Americas had begun to arrive in Europe more than a century before, and had been widely dispersed owing to the payments made by the Spanish Government in so many countries. The old English custom by which the Crown defrayed the expenses of administration out of its own pocket, only calling for a subsidy from the taxpayer in an emergency, thus broke down, and the King was continually obliged to go to his subjects for money. This weakened his position, and it made Parliament suspicious when it found that

\* "The Wisest Fool in Christendom." By William McElwee. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 25s.)



# AT BOURNEMOUTH: THE 90TH ANNUAL TRADES UNION CONGRESS.



MAKING HIS PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE NINETIETH TRADES UNION CONGRESS ON SEPTEMBER 1: MR. TOM YATES SPEAKING FROM THE PLATFORM.



SPEAKING DURING A BRIEF DEBATE ON THE LONDON BUS STRIKE: MR. FRANK COUSINS (TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION).



DURING AN INTERVAL: MR. BILL CARRON (PRESIDENT OF THE AMALGAMATED ENGINEERING UNION, LEFT) AND MR. FRANK FOULKES (PRESIDENT OF THE ELECTRICAL TRADES UNION).



AT THE OPENING MEETING: SIR TOM WILLIAMSON, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF GENERAL AND MUNICIPAL WORKERS.



SPEAKING ON SEPTEMBER 2: SIR VINCENT TEWSON, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE T.U.C.



ADJUSTING HIS GLASSES DURING HIS SPEECH: SIR TOM O'BRIEN, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THEATRICAL AND KINE EMPLOYEES.



DURING HIS PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS: MR. TOM YATES, CHAIRMAN OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.



SPEAKING AGAINST NUCLEAR WEAPONS ON SEPTEMBER 3: MR. J. HORNER, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE FIRE BRIGADES UNION.



DAME FLORENCE HANCOCK, CHIEF WOMAN OFFICER OF THE TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION, AT THE OPENING MEETING AT BOURNEMOUTH.



REPRESENTING THE ACTORS' EQUITY AT THE CONGRESS: MR. JIMMY EDWARDS, THE WELL-KNOWN STAGE AND SCREEN ACTOR.

The ninetieth annual Trades Union Congress opened at Bournemouth on September 1. In his Presidential Address, Mr. Tom Yates stressed the dangers to trade unionism of big unofficial strikes, and advised unions to discipline their "bad shipmates," saying: "We know who they are. Some are Communists dedicated to disruption; others are self-styled militants whose minds are so closed that the whole development of collective bargaining has passed them by." On the opening day the Congress decided—in accordance with a resolution moved by Mr. John Horner—that their General

Council should consider how to bring about greater co-ordination of the policies and activities of the unions, and report to the next annual congress. On the second day the question of the London bus strike was discussed briefly, and Mr. Frank Cousins urged that there should be no "inquest" on the stoppage. On September 3 the Congress debated the question of nuclear weapons, and heavily defeated a proposal to oppose their manufacture in Britain, and their use by any other power from British territory. The next day was given up to debates on wages policy and economic affairs.





**A NOCTURNAL DRAMA OFF THE CORNISH COAST: A BLUE SHARK, ENTANGLED IN A FISHING NET, BEING HAULED ABOARD A FISHING LUGGER AS GULLS SCREAM OVERHEAD.**

During the summer months large numbers of shark infest the western waters of the English Channel, providing exciting fishing for some, but causing serious losses to the Cornish drift-net fishermen. Those who fish for sport are thus helping—although in a somewhat limited way—the drift-net fishermen.

Predatory sharks attack the netted fish and frequently become entangled in the nets, which are streamed out ahead of the fishing craft. In their struggles for freedom the sharks become further caught up in the fishing gear, tearing the nets beyond repair and allowing the catch to escape. In the drawing a large

blue shark is being hauled on board a Cornish fishing lugger. The shark, inextricably entangled in the lacerated pilchard net, is about to meet its death after being hoisted on to the deck by means of the net's headrope. Overhead fishing lights illuminate the scene, and the screaming of the gulls and shouting

of the fishermen add to the excitement of the occasion. (In recent years shark-angling off Cornwall has become increasingly popular, and in our issue of August 3 last year another of Mr. Turner's vivid drawings of such scenes—in this case, showing the gaffing of a blue shark—was reproduced.)

*Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by C. E. Turner.*



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



I VERY much enjoyed seeing the E. C. Blake collection of Chinese porcelain when it was on view at Sotheby's early in July of this year. Several of its outstanding items had been included in the 1951 exhibition of the Oriental Ceramic Society, and were consequently fairly well known to specialists, but I imagine that, during the two or three days when it was displayed in the auction rooms, more than one *habitué*, not normally interested in Chinese ceramics, must have halted in his tracks. It was not that the collection as a whole—I suppose it contained about 150 pieces—was world-shaking, excellent though it was, but it happened to include a fair number of items so delicate in both flavour and texture that you had to be more than ordinarily obtuse not to pause and marvel that such technical perfection could be married to so exquisite a sense of form and colour. Say what we will about certain beauties from Meissen or Sèvres or Chelsea—and they can be very fine—when the Chinese, round about the beginning of the eighteenth century, took it into their heads to produce things to the taste of their own highly cultivated connoisseurs without a glance over their shoulders at the export market, they reached heights of potting with which no one in Europe could compete. That downright statement seems to me to be borne out by the three illustrations on this page; anyway, they are convincing enough for me.

While throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by far the most important centre of the pottery industry was Ching-Tê Chên, in Kiangsi, Tê-Hua, in the neighbouring

## THREE EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE PIECES.

women, is the nearest parallel; but perhaps it is as well to be reminded that Kuan Yin began as a not particularly attractive male deity from India who incomprehensibly changed his sex about a thousand years ago. I am personally not overfond of many of the Kuan Yin figures, exquisite though the porcelain is, for the wholly irrational reason that the features so often remind me, in their petulant droop to the mouth, of Queen Victoria—not my favourite among notable women of history. But there is no such unfortunate

to make even the most faithful copy look Chinese. What is really meant by the phrase is that such a piece as the little bowl of Fig. 2 conforms to no standard pattern, has all the freshness and delicacy of "the darling buds of May" about it, and is a highly original and breath-taking performance. Here are flowering tree peonies stemming from the base outside and flowing over into the interior and painted in soft enamel colours—if my memory is not faulty, with pink predominating. All this on a ground of very pale celadon; the reign in that of the Emperor Yung Chêng (1723-1735)—those brief years which more than one devotee I know claims to be the greatest in all ceramic history, when by some fortuitous combination of the stars of heaven, uncanny skill in controlling the kiln happened to be married to the most exquisite taste.

The rather larger bowl of Fig. 3 shares these virtues of freedom and balance. The interior is undecorated except for a pair of butterflies and four blossoms, while the exterior is beautifully enamelled with mandarin ducks among lotus and water weeds, and a sandbank with other small birds perching and in flight. The bowl is unmarked, but is dated to the end of the reign of K'ang Hsi (1662-1722) on the analogy of certain other marked pieces. Perhaps it is worth remembering that by the end of the seventeenth century the pottery industry was only just recovering from the anarchy which had destroyed the great town of Ching-Tê-Chên at the beginning of K'ang Hsi's reign. What resilience in this extraordinary nation! The Imperial factory was rebuilt in the 1680's, and within a few years the town's population was estimated to exceed 1,000,000 and the number of kilns 3000. Then began, under three famous and brilliant potters in charge of the Imperial factory, between 1682 and 1749, the production of those technically perfect but



FIG. 1. KUAN YIN, GODDESS OF MERCY: A SEVENTEENTH OR EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FUKIEN PORCELAIN FIGURE—ONE OF THE THREE CHINESE PIECES DISCUSSED THIS WEEK BY FRANK DAVIS. (Height, 8½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

resemblance here, and all I can do is to marvel at the dignity, the softly flowing lines, the beautiful balance of the model, and the rare quality of the creamy white glaze, some indication of which is given by an exceptionally good photograph. In another way also, I found this figure quite excep-

tional. Normally the Chinese potter models godlings in whom neither he nor his clients believe—there is a sardonic gleam in their eyes, a blasé awareness of mortality. This Kuan Yin is wholly detached and absorbed—a genuinely religious figure. So much—on this occasion—for Fukien *blanc-de-chine*.

The other two illustrations have been chosen for a rather different type of enchantment; that of superb freehand drawing in subtle colourings of a type which has never—no, never—been matched in Europe. For want of a better phrase, decoration of this quality is always spoken of as "in Chinese taste," as if the million and one other kinds of decoration in common use throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were produced to satisfy some other taste. It is true enough that some export wares were made to imitate Western models—a European scene, for example, copied from a print, but even so, it is amusing to note how the Chinese artist manages

sometimes rather boring pieces which constitute the mass of eighteenth-century ceramics, against which two pieces, like Figs. 2 and 3 here, stand out in such dewy freshness, owing to the apparently effortless ease of the drawing. Though, perforce, fired in the kiln to a frozen immobility, the painting yet seems to preserve all the pulsating life of those moments when it was first applied.

Not such a vast amount of this extraordinarily high quality porcelain came westwards at the time it was made, mainly because it was not produced in quantity and was in demand among Chinese connoisseurs; also it is doubtful whether the average European trader would have been capable of appreciating it—he would be satisfied enough by more conventional wares. The little that did reach Europe was soon recognised for the delicate minor triumph it was, and was the inspiration of innumerable imitations in European factories—none of which really succeeded in making a satisfactory translation into Western speech.



FIG. 2. "A HIGHLY ORIGINAL AND BREATH-TAKING PERFORMANCE": A FAMILLE ROSE CELADON BOWL PAINTED WITH FLOWERING TREE PEONIES STARTING ON THE EXTERIOR AND FLOWING INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE BOWL. REIGN OF YUNG CHENG. (Diameter, 4½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

maritime province of Fukien, became famous for the production of the so-called *blanc-de-chine* porcelain. The port was Amoy, just opposite Quemoy and Formosa (once again tiresomely in the news as I write this). The ware was greatly admired in Europe and was imitated in many places. The colour can vary considerably from a soft, smoky grey to creamy white with pinkish undertones, and some of the small cups and vases, sometimes quite plain, sometimes with blossoms in relief, are as nobly simple as anything in the world. But the loudest European praises are generally reserved for the figures of Buddhist saints and godlings, invariably minor miracles of potting and occasionally to be classed as highly sensitive pieces of sculpture.

Fig. 1 here, the Goddess of Mercy, Kuan Yin, surely comes into this category. The sentimental West has rather tended to equate Kuan Yin with the Virgin Mary, and, indeed, the cult of Kuan Yin, who looks after children and pregnant



FIG. 3. PAINTED IN ENAMELS WITH MANDARIN DUCKS AMONG LOTUS AND WATER-WEEDS, AND A SANDBANK WITH OTHER SMALL BIRDS: A LATE K'ANG HSI "CHINESE TASTE" PORCELAIN BOWL. ALL THESE PIECES WERE IN THE E. C. BLAKE COLLECTION SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S IN JULY. (Diameter, 6½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)



# FRENCH DRAWINGS FROM AMERICAN COLLECTIONS.

# FROM CLOUET TO MATISSE : AT THE BOYMANS MUSEUM.



"MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS": A DRAWING OF ABOUT 1561 BY FRANÇOIS CLOUET (BEFORE 1522-1572). (Black and red chalk: 11½ by 8 ins.) (The Houghton Library, Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.)



DANCER "QUATRIÈME DERRIÈRE, POINTE TENDUE," BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917): A SUPERB STUDY FOR THE FIGURE IN THE CENTRE OF "THE DANCING CLASS" AT THE LOUVRE. (Pencil and chalk, heightened with white, on pink paper: 16½ by 11½ ins.) (Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University.)



"AUGUSTE RODIN": A PORTRAIT OF c. 1914 OF THE GREAT SCULPTOR BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). RODIN DIED IN 1917, AGED 77. (Crayons and pencil: 22½ by 18½ ins.) (T. Edward Hanley, Bradford, Pennsylvania.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE": A SIGNED DRAWING BY CLAUDE (1600-1682.) (Brown ink and wash with traces of black chalk: 10½ by 15½ ins.) (The Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio.)



"LES BONS AMIS": A FINE DRAWING BY HONORE DAUMIER (1808-1879), BY WHOM THERE ARE SEVEN DRAWINGS IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Pencil, chalk, and water-colour: 9½ by 11½ ins.) (George A. Lucas Collection, the Maryland Institute, Baltimore.)



"A LADY READING," BY JEAN-ANDRE PORTAIL (1695-1759). (Black, white and red chalk: 17½ by 14 ins.) (Forsyth Wickes, Newport, Rhode Island.)



"TWO SHIPS," BY CLAUDE. THIS WAS IN THE R.A. EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART IN 1932. (Pen and brush over black chalk: 12½ by 8½ ins.) (The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago.)



"CHARLES GOUNOD": A PORTRAIT OF THE COMPOSER DRAWN BY J.-A.-D. INGRES (1780-1867) AT ROME IN 1841. (Pencil: 11½ by 9½ ins.) (Mrs. Chauncey McCormick, Chicago, Illinois.)

Under the title "From Clouet to Matisse," 224 French drawings from American Collections have been assembled for an important exhibition at the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, which continues until September 28. Many of these drawings are justly famous, but surprisingly few of them appear to have been shown in earlier exhibitions in Europe. The great names of French art are all richly represented in this exhibition, which

provides a marvellous survey of French drawing during five centuries. One can turn from the wonderful figure drawings of Watteau to examples by Boucher, and then follow on the development through Fragonard, David, Ingres and Delacroix, to the fine group by Degas. The beautifully-produced catalogue adds greatly to this exhibition, which is under the auspices of the International Council at the Museum of Modern Art, New York.



# THE LARGEST OF ALL LIVING LIZARDS: KOMODO DRAGONS OF EASTERN INDONESIA.



THE STEEP, GRASS-COVERED SLOPES OF THE ISLAND OF KOMODO, ONE OF THE FOUR HABITATS OF THE DRAGON. THE OTHERS ARE PADAR, RINCHA AND THE WEST COAST OF FLORES, IN INDONESIA.



APPROPRIATELY, LIKE A CHINESE DRAWING: THE TRACK OF A KOMODO DRAGON, MOVING SLOWLY OVER THE SAND.



THE LIVING MODEL OF THE INNUMERABLE DRAGONS OF ORIENTAL ART: THE KOMODO DRAGON (*VARANUS KOMODOENSIS*), 6 FT. FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S HIDE.



THE SKULL OF A KOMODO DRAGON, IN THIS CASE ABOUT 9½ INS. LONG. LIKE OTHER MONITOR LIZARDS, THE DRAGONS TEAR THEIR FOOD AND SWALLOW LARGE LUMPS.



THE FOOT AND CLAWS OF A DEAD KOMODO DRAGON. IN THEIR ATTACKS ON OTHER KOMODO DRAGONS, THESE ANIMALS USUALLY ATTACK WITH A SIDEWAYS SWEEP OF THE TAIL.

These photographs, like those on the facing page, were taken by Mr. Hoogerwerf in various parts of the Komodo dragon's only habitat, the Indonesian islands of Komodo, Padar, Rincha and the west coast of Flores, all hilly, dry, grassy places. The Komodo dragon is the largest of all the monitor lizards and, indeed, the largest of all living lizards of the world. Males sometimes achieve the length of 10 ft., females perhaps

6 ft.; and in general they are unsociable creatures, the larger completely dominating the smaller. They have powerful teeth and, in eating, tear off large lumps of their prey which they then swallow whole, remaining comatose until they have digested it. In one case an 8-ft. specimen took about a week to digest the best part of a deer. The actual swallowing of the monkey referred to elsewhere took about twenty minutes.



# THE LIVING ORIGINALS OF THE DRAGONS OF ORIENTAL ART: KOMODO DRAGONS AT HOME.



LIKE A DINOSAUR OF TO-DAY: A KOMODO DRAGON, THE LARGEST OF ALL LIVING LIZARDS, IN AN AGGRESSIVE MOOD AND IN SEARCH OF ITS PREY.



HAVING EATEN THE BAIT SET OUT FOR IT, A SATIATED KOMODO DRAGON MOVES AWAY INTO THE SHADE, WHILE ANOTHER BEGINS TO FEED. THEY ARE UNSOCIABLE ANIMALS.



A MOST UNUSUAL PICTURE: A KOMODO DRAGON INGESTING A GREY MACAQUE MONKEY, WHICH IT HAD SEIZED AND PROCEEDED TO EAT WHOLE.



A FURIOUS KOMODO DRAGON, ITS THROAT INFLATED WITH RAGE, TURNS SAVAGELY FROM THE BODY OF A BOAR WHICH HAD BEEN PUT OUT AS BAIT TO ATTRACT IT.



APPARENTLY IN THE LATER STAGES OF OLD AGE: A LARGE KOMODO DRAGON, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE ISLAND OF KOMODO. THE LARGEST MALES ARE ABOUT 10 FT. LONG

The photographs on this page and on that facing it were taken by Mr. A. Hoogerwerf, who was Chief of the Game and Nature Protection Division of the Indonesian Government, and leader of an expedition in 1953 to study these huge and impressive lizards. Their food, in general, is carrion and most of the photographs were obtained by putting out dead bait near the photographer's hide. Incidentally, it appears to use its tongue

to locate the prey and was noticed to be sticking out its tongue continually while approaching the carrion. But they can catch live prey and on one occasion Mr. Hoogerwerf came upon a Komodo dragon which had just caught a grey macaque monkey and was able to take a series of photographs of it gradually ingesting the animal. A Komodo dragon has been recorded as killing a deer, which presumably it had surprised and caught.



## FEATURES OF THE MOON; AND PROBLEMS WHICH A MAN-MADE SATELLITE MIGHT SOLVE.

By DR. R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Stokes Lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Cambridge.

ONE of the most interesting things that a rocket fired to the moon might do is to settle the problem of the lunar craters. We on earth see only one side of the moon because it always presents almost the same hemisphere towards us. In fact, because of the form of the moon's path round the earth we can at times see a few degrees further round each limb and over each pole to such an extent as to leave about three-sevenths of the surface permanently invisible: this part is the so-called "back of the moon."

The most prominent features of the visible side are the dark "seas." It is the large seas seen near the limit of vision that make the face of the Man-in-the-moon. "Seas" is only a name, for there is no water of any kind on the surface. Next most obvious are the multitudinous craters, a few of which (at some aspects) show bright rays or streaks conspicuously radiating from them to huge distances more than half-way across the moon's disc. All the craters are strikingly circular in form, but although giving the impression of great depth as we look directly down on them they are, in fact, shallow, saucer-like depressions, the more shallow in proportion to size the larger they are. Even so, the rim of a crater may slope up gradually 4000 or 5000 ft. from the level of the surrounding general lunar surface and then fall 20,000 ft. or so more steeply to the inner floor of the crater. In what are almost certainly the most recently formed craters, with unbroken well-defined walls, the floor is irregular and often rises again to an irregular central peak, itself sometimes with signs of a pit or hole in it. The slopes of these peaks are, in reality, very gradual, and their summits in all cases are well below the level of the surrounding lunar surface outside the crater—a feature that tells strongly against the notion that the craters are extinct volcanoes. Other craters appear to be filled in to varying degrees, some exhibiting beautifully smooth floors, every stage being represented with almost complete submergence as the limit. Also to be seen are occasional lines of low cliffs, narrow valleys or rills, and any number of long thin clefts as though a sharp object had gouged a channel superficially.

No changes of any kind have been detected on the surface during the three centuries or so that it has been under observation. But there need be no surprise at this because the interval is so short compared with the probable age of the moon (4,500,000,000 years). Even though there are nearly a quarter of a million craters to be seen—the smallest visible are less than a mile across—a rate of production as slow as one every 10,000 years would suffice to have produced them all. But it is probable that the rate, especially of large ones, was quicker in the early history of the solar system than now.

Two main ideas have been advanced as to the causes of the craters—namely, the century-old volcanic hypothesis and the more recent meteoritic-impact hypothesis. Nowadays the circumstantial evidence appears to run very strongly in favour of the second of these, though there are still adherents of the old volcanic theory. Even if volcanic activity occurs on the moon, which is extremely doubtful since signs of lava flow are entirely lacking in regions where the crater density is greatest, impacts of meteorites (tiny asteroids) must also happen inevitably. The volcanic hypothesis regards the craters as extinct volcanoes, with the rims and central peaks as the residual ejected material, while the dark seas are low-lying areas to which the molten lava flowed and solidified. But the theory has only been verbally stated, and it fails in almost every way when any attempt is made to work out how the proposed things might occur and compare it with terrestrial volcanic processes. True, an occasional terrestrial crater can be likened to lunar craters, but it is the exception that can be.

Regardless of either hypothesis, it is observed that very many of the crater walls and rims have suffered great dilapidation, being broken into irregularly and eroded away to an extent almost to have destroyed them. The missing material that would be required to restore the walls to a state comparable with younger regular craters would occupy a tremendous volume, and it must be somewhere on the lunar surface. The most plausible suggestion currently favoured considers the missing

material to have been eroded off the walls and high ground as very fine dust which, for reasons referred to later, gradually "flows" over the surface to the lowest parts it can reach. That eroded off the inner walls flows down to form a smooth-looking floor to a crater, while the seas are held to be accumulations in vast low-lying plains, which from their vaguely circular shapes are themselves almost certainly the remains of very old enormous craters.

Exactly what happens when a fast-moving meteorite crashes on to the surface of the moon has recently been gone into with great thoroughness by Professor Gold, of Harvard—the general idea of meteoritic impact, of course, is at least a century old. There is a considerable difference between such impacts and the ordinary sort of



THE MOON AT THE THIRD QUARTER—TWENTY-TWO DAYS OLD: A PHOTOGRAPH TO ILLUSTRATE SOME OF THE POINTS MADE BY DR. LYTTLETON.

A great number of craters can be seen at the edge of the "dark side" of the moon's face. At the edge of the great dark-toned "sea," the Mare Imbrium, at the bottom of the picture, can be seen the crater Plato, which is some sixty miles in diameter and has a characteristic smooth floor. Above and to the right can be seen several craters with the long radiating streaks, which are also discussed in the article on this page.

collisions that we are used to. When an object such as a cricket ball, for instance, strikes the ground, its motion is resisted through elastic forces, and the ground is able to react and repel it to make it bounce because the speeds of elastic waves in solid material (which are of the order of a few miles a second) are much faster than the speed of the ball which is of the order of several miles an hour. But when a meteorite collides with the lunar surface (or the surface of any planet not shielded by a deep atmosphere, which includes the earth) it will be travelling at a speed of something like thirty miles a second, for meteorites must move with planetary velocities, and now elastic waves in the surface layers of the moon can not provide any means to stop the incoming object. No message gets through, as it were, to the deeper layers saying that something is coming, or to the rear part of the meteorite to tell it to stop. What happens instead is that the meteorite compresses both its colliding material and the lunar material directly in contact with it and heats this up to such a temperature that sound waves can be produced in it that move fast enough to start to

retard the motion. In the parlance of aerodynamics, a shock-wave is set up in the material, and because of the speed of impact the temperature in this shock-wave rises to a million degrees or so; the shock-wave can spread back into the oncoming meteorite and succeed in stopping it. All this only takes a minute fraction of a second to occur, but until it does there is simply no means by which the materials can get out of each other's way. What results is that in less than 1/100th of a second the meteorite buries itself in the surface to a depth measured roughly by its own size—perhaps three or four of its own diameters before its speed is reduced to something that ordinary elastic waves can cope with—and in so doing plants there a volume of material at stellar temperature. The material will be completely gasified at such temperatures regardless of its density, and so be at enormous pressure. The effect is just as if an equivalent volume of high-explosive but of the most superlative power were instantaneously created, and detonated into the bargain, just below the lunar surface. The power of this "explosive" derives simply from the

energy of infall of the meteorite, and weight for weight any material moving at 30 miles a second has energy in virtue of its motion several hundred times that of any ordinary high-explosive such as dynamite. Mass for mass, the explosive power is comparable with an atomic-bomb, but even a small meteorite may weigh a million tons, while a large one could weigh a million million tons! So what we have to imagine is a bomb of this kind of strength going off a few miles below the surface. There will result an explosion and devastation of stupendous violence. The centre of the explosion will be roughly equal in volume to the volume of the meteorite, but the region of the lunar surface affected will be far larger. A crater immensely larger in extent than the mere size of the incoming object will result. And clearly it is no wonder that some of the material is thrown thousands of miles across the lunar surface, as evidenced by the bright streaks radiating in all direction from some of the largest craters. Also, grazing impacts apart, it will not matter much in what direction the meteorite happens to fall, the resulting crater will be circular round the point of impact.

This process readily explains the central peaks of the most recent well-defined craters, for when the explosion occurs the forces at first are so great that the surrounding lunar material will begin to be driven outwards in all directions, but below the "bomb" is the entire depth of the moon, and inevitably material driven on the whole downwards must soon be deflected upwards again by the resisting forces that it itself brings into play. In this way not only is a crater produced, but, for the most powerful impacts, a moderate peak within the floor and at its centre.

The explosion causing all this to happen will occur a fraction of a second after impact, but the effect on such part (the rear portion) of the meteorite that remains will be to reduce its speed to less than that of sound in the lunar material. Even at a few miles a second, a large chunk of rock will have enormous penetrative power, and it will still be moving in much the same line as its fall dictates. So it will find itself obliged to pierce the newly-formed central peak as a bullet pierces a solid target. Enormous temperature is no longer produced but a mere disruption of the matter directly in its way. It is the case that several instances are observable of pits formed near the top of the central peak, and there seems little doubt that this is the explanation.

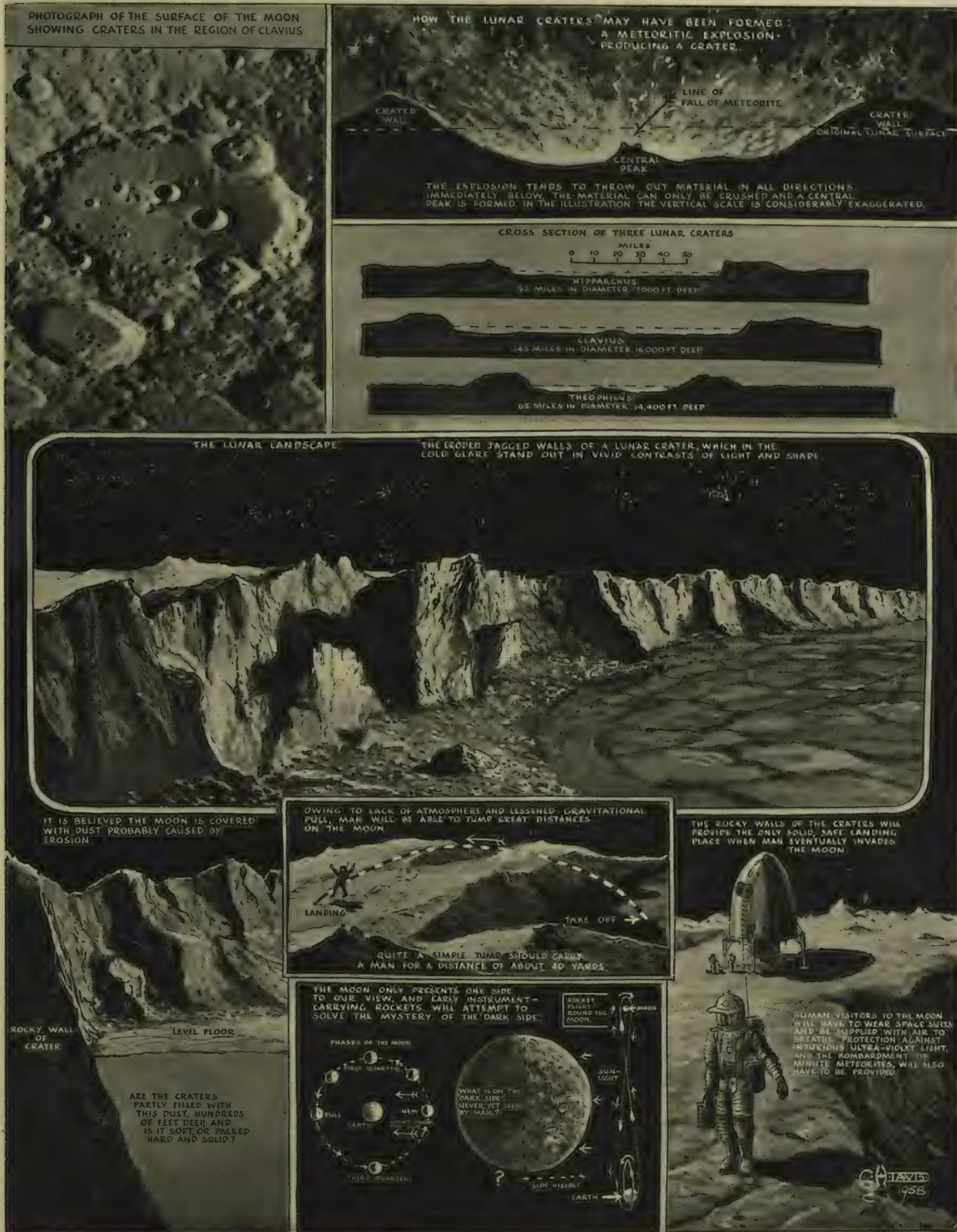
Also, the different sizes of meteorite and, to a less extent, their differences of speed will mean different strengths and depths of explosion, the bigger meteorites tending to penetrate more deeply before being effectively stopped. So the great variation in size of craters observed—if we except the seas, 140 miles diameter for Clavius, for instance, at one extreme down to less than a mile across at the other—can also be explained on the meteoritic hypothesis.

It is, of course, against all odds that the huge areas of the seas should almost entirely escape bombardment, though there is no doubt that the visible density of craters therein is far less than elsewhere. It is here that the dust hypothesis comes in again. There must be just as many craters, area for area, in the seas, but the great majority are simply covered over with dust. There can be no doubt that erosion of exposed surfaces goes on from the many examples of craters with broken and irregular worn-down walls. The only uncertainty is as to how the dust is caused to

[Continued opposite.]



# WHAT THE MOON EXPLORERS WILL FIND; AND SOME LUNAR ENIGMAS.



THE KNOWN LUNAR LANDSCAPE; AND PROBLEMS FOR THE ROCKET CAMERAS OF TO-MORROW.

*Continued.*  
move about, but there are several processes that may combine to do this. The seas and crater bottoms are so flat and level that there can be no question of the dust simply moving under its own weight: the angles of slope would be much greater than they are. It is conjectured that the dust is so fine that it may behave like a very shallow atmosphere to the moon, perhaps only a fraction of a centimetre high, but the resulting thermal motion of the tiny particles would enable the dust to creep or "flow" slowly always with a tendency to reach lower levels. Similar minute agitation of the dust particles may be caused by the incident solar light, the ultra-violet components of which may be largely responsible for the erosion

itself, and other effects such as the constant infall of interstellar gas and dust, from which the surface is entirely unprotected, may contribute to the same end. The precise details of the processes involved, however, still remain to be settled, and it is an interesting question exactly what equipment should be put into any projectile intended to land on, or circle, the moon with a view to deciding some of these matters. The evidence in favour of the meteoritic impact hypothesis and dust as the nature of the dark, smooth surface areas seems nowadays to be overwhelmingly in favour, but there must always remain that element of doubt until direct on-the-spot observations and tests can be made.

Drawn by Our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Dr. R. A. Lyttleton, F.R.S.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A TELEPHONE call from a young friend whose hobby is, among other things, to study bats, took us one evening last week to a village in the South of England. This young man told us he could show us serotines, but that, although he had seen them cluster recently, he doubted whether he would be able to show us that side of their behaviour. I wanted, during the course of the telephone conversation, to ask: "What do you mean by 'cluster'?" But I deliberately withheld the question because I felt it was something I ought to know, and the truth was that I did not. However, when by pre-arrangement we met near the old church as night was falling, he explained that clustering had been observed but once before, so far as he knew.

With rare exceptions, insectivorous bats sleep all day and come out at twilight to hunt. Their daytime sleep is profound, and before taking to the air on waking the bats limber up. That is, while still hanging upside down, or while clinging to a vertical surface after emerging from the incredibly small crevices in which they sleep, the bats flap

### A CLUSTER OF BATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

area of old buildings with a historic flavour, and always the peak moments are those when day is fading into night. Added to this, one is keyed up to a pitch of excitement from the fact that only a few minutes remain to see all there is to see before complete darkness blots everything out. And, above all, one is about to take a glimpse into a way of life that is completely unlike anything else we know. Under these circumstances it is easy to appreciate why bats should have entered so largely into local superstitions.

On this particular occasion there was the climb up to and through a small opening into the roof-space. There was the eerie expectancy of peering into a darkness lit only by a feeble torchlight, for fear that a stronger light might disturb the animals we had come to see. As luck would have it, the bats had emerged and were clustered.

place to be photographed and seemed almost to be posing for the camera. It continued to do so for some minutes before it scurried up the face of the bricks, took wing and followed the others out into the night.

Whether serotines or any other bats habitually cluster in this way before setting out to feed is very much an open question. It may be an occasional event or a common event very occasionally observed. It seems, however, that it could be related to something which is commonly observed and which has puzzled me for several years. I have often watched outside a particular building, sometimes on several consecutive nights, and seen bats coming out one after the other in regular succession, but at well-spaced intervals. Knowing that the bats sleep irregularly scattered, it was a puzzle that their exit should be so regularly timed. Clustering could be the explanation for this, as it would provide a means whereby the bats could take it in turn to leave, each then having some indication of what the others are doing.



"THE BATS HUNG IN A TIGHT CLUSTER, MOTIONLESS, SOME WITH EYES SHUT, AND THE WHOLE GROUP SEEMING TO BE IN A TRANCE": CLUSTERING BATS SEEN IN WHAT IS, PROBABLY, A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH. (Photograph by Jane Burton.)

their wings. In this way, the body is toned up before flight begins. The blood is set circulating and the lungs working. It is like warming up the engine of an automobile for the first journey of the day. Having thus brought its whole body to concert pitch, a bat then takes to the air for its night's hunting.

Our young friend, Brian Hancock, had been banding a colony of serotines in the roof-space of a cottage, visiting them two or three times in the course of the summer. On his last visit, he had noticed that when the serotines first emerged from their sleeping-places, and after they had warmed up, they did not immediately fly out through the small hole in the brickwork to the free air beyond. Instead, they flew around inside the roof-space for a short while, and then clustered. That is, first one, then another settled on the side of a rafter and hung down, supported mainly by the strong toes of the hind-feet. The rest settled on the first row of bats, clinging to their fur, so that they all hung in a close bunch. After a while, one by one, the bats peeled off from the cluster, flew towards the opening in the brickwork, landed on the vertical surface of the wall, ran up it and into the opening and thence flew out.

Brian once more said that he thought there was little chance of our seeing the bats cluster, but he had made arrangements for us to see the bats themselves. So, through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory, we were able to go into the cottage and up into the roof-space.

For me, an expedition to see bats has an air of romance. As often as not it takes one into an

The first time Brian had seen this there were fifteen in the bunch, but this evening there were only seven. Even that was the oddest sight, as the bats hung in a tight cluster, motionless, some with eyes shut, and the whole group seeming to be in a trance. They hung in this way for about five minutes, the only movements being a slight jerk of the head at each electronic flash as my daughter took one photograph after another. Finally, there was a slight stir among them, but before the group could break up, Brian had shot up his hand swiftly, and swept the bats into a fine-meshed net.

He took out each bat in turn to read the details on the aluminium bands, a note being made of each number, after which each bat was released. Most of them flew round in a half-circle, landed on the brick wall, quickly scrambled up it and went out through the opening into the night air. The last but one flew away in the opposite direction and landed on the rafters forming the floor of the roof-space. I have several times seen a bat scuttle on all fours across a horizontal surface, but none has covered as much ground as this one. It gave an opportunity to see how surprisingly quickly a bat can run, despite the fact that the front legs are, in that position, nothing more than two folded parachutes with a single claw on each thumb to assist progress.

The speed of this bat's movements, whether running or flying, made photography impossible, merely from the difficulty of focusing in the cramped position and the poor light. As if to compensate for this, the last bat to be released landed on the brickwork in a most convenient

It may be, also, and this seems the most obvious explanation of the clustering, that the several members of the colony acquire a communal scent. Serotines hunt in groups, and although leaving the roost separately, each follows the same route. Moreover, the rendezvous for the night's hunting changes frequently, the serotines going where the hunting is best on any particular night. It was natural to assume that the members of the group keep in touch by vocal signals, but it could be that they follow a path marked in the air by a scent trail to a chosen hunting station.

Another puzzling feature, noted on one occasion when I watched serotines leaving a barn each evening for over a week, was that the numbers of bats varied with the weather. On a fine night a dozen or more would come out. On a very windy evening, or on a wet one, less than half this number would come out. Was it that only the more hungry or the more venturesome members of the colony braved the weather? If so, were the bats tucked away in the barn aware of the state of the weather? They could easily be aware of the strong winds or of rain, but on at least one occasion the adverse weather conditions would have been obvious only to someone outside the barn, or to an animal having a high sensitiveness to weather conditions while still inside the building.

We have much to learn still about bats, and this can only be brought together by the devoted and unobtrusive labours of people like Brian Hancock, to whom we were indebted for our adventure. And to those like Mr. and Mrs. Gregory who patiently allow people like us to invade the peace of their homes.



**SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.**



**TANK EXPERT: THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GIFFARD MARTEL.** Lieut.-General Sir Giffard Martel, who died at Camberley on September 3, aged sixty-eight, was a notably outspoken soldier. He took great interest in the evolution of the tank in the 1914-18 war. In 1940 he was appointed Commander of the Royal Armoured Corps.



**AN EMINENT ITALIAN SURGEON: THE LATE PROF. R. PAOLUCCI.** Prof. Raffaele Paolucci, the eminent Italian surgeon who treated the Pope when he was critically ill in 1954, died in Rome on September 4, aged sixty-six. In the 1914-18 war, as a naval officer, he sank an Austrian battleship by attaching a time-bomb to its keel.



**THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: LORD JUSTICE PARKER.** The appointment of Lord Justice Parker, who came into prominence last year as Chairman of the Bank Rate Inquiry, as the new Lord Chief Justice of England was announced on September 5. Lord Parker, who is fifty-eight, became a Judge of the King's Bench Division in 1950 and a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1954.

**PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.**



**LONDON MAGISTRATE: THE LATE MR. IVAN SNELL.** Mr. Ivan Snell, M.C., who was a Metropolitan Police Magistrate from 1925 until 1948, died on August 29, aged seventy-four. Educated at Charterhouse and Christchurch, Oxford, Mr. Snell was called to the Bar in 1909. During most of his career he sat at Marylebone Police Court.



**R.A.F. PIONEER: THE LATE A.V.-M. PHILIP MACKWORTH.** Air Vice-Marshal Philip Herbert Mackworth, C.B., Air Officer in charge of Administration, H.Q., Transport Command, R.A.F., died in London on August 30, aged sixty. In 1926 he was flight commander during the famous flight from Cairo to Cape-town and London.



**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS INVITATION GOLF MEETING WHICH WAS HELD AT THE ROYAL MID-SURREY GOLF COURSE ON SEPTEMBER 5.** Sixty-five guests from the worlds of publishing, industry and advertising were present at this meeting. *The Sphere* Challenge Cup was won by Mr. Arthur Webb with a net score of 70. Mr. D. R. M. Reid was runner-up. The Two-Ball Bogey Foursomes was won by Sir Alexander Galloway and Mr. John Grant.



**A GREAT MOUNTAINEER: THE LATE MR. WINTHROP YOUNG.** Mr. Winthrop Young, author of the mountaineering classic "On High Hills," died on September 6, aged eighty-one. A famous Alpine climber, Mr. Young, who was educated at Marlborough and Trinity College, Cambridge, succeeded in re-ascending the Matterhorn in 1928 after he had lost a leg in the First World War. He made his last one-legged climb in 1935.



**BARBADOS PREMIER DR. HUGH CUMMINS ARRIVES IN LONDON.** Dr. Hugh Cummins, Premier of Barbados, arrived in London on September 7. He said at London Airport that he was worried about the possibility of a Ku-Klux-Klan organisation being responsible for racial disturbances. He came to join Mr. Manley, Jamaican Chief Minister, in trying to find a solution to the problem. He is opposed to limited immigration.



**INVESTIGATING RACE RIOTS: MR. NORMAN MANLEY.** Mr. Norman Manley, Chief Minister of Jamaica, arrived in London on September 5 for urgent discussions with the British Government on the racial disturbances. On the following day he toured some of the areas in Notting Hill, London, where clashes have occurred. With him went Dr. Lacorbiniere, Deputy Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation.



**FORMER CHIEF JUSTICE OF BURMA: THE LATE SIR ARTHUR PAGE.** Sir Arthur Page, Q.C., who was Chief Justice of the Burma High Court from 1930 until his retirement in 1936, died in Kent on September 1. Born in 1876, Sir Arthur was educated at Harrow and Magdalen College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1901. In 1923 he was appointed a Puisne Judge of the Calcutta High Court.



**CANADA'S FIRST WOMAN AMBASSADOR: MISS MARGARET MEAGHER.** A former school teacher, Miss Margaret Meagher, has been appointed Canada's first woman Ambassador. Until recently *chargé d'affaires* at the Canadian Embassy in Israel, she is now Ambassador to that country. Before serving in Israel, Miss Meagher was for some time at Canada House, in London. She is now in Tel Aviv.



**BACK FROM THE EUROPEAN SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BUDAPEST: (L. TO R.) BRIAN PHELPS, IAN BLACK AND JUDY GRINHAM, WHO BETWEEN THEM WON FIVE GOLD MEDALS.** These young British swimmers brought outstanding success to their team at Budapest. Ian Black won the 400 metres free style and the 200 metres butterfly, and completed his hat-trick by winning the 1500 metres free-style. Fourteen-year-old Brian Phelps won the highboard diving championship, and Miss Grinham the 100 metres backstroke.



**NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE T.U.C. GENERAL COUNCIL: MR. ROBERT WILLIS.** Mr. Robert Willis, General Secretary of the London Typographical Society, was elected Chairman of the T.U.C. General Council for the coming year immediately after the conclusion of the annual Congress at Bournemouth on September 5. Born in Sunderland in 1904, Mr. Willis has been an aggressive trade unionist for many years.





ON THE MORNING AFTER THE GREAT STORM: THE SCENE AT EYNSFORD, IN KENT, WHERE THE RIVER DARENT OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS AND FLOODED THE ROAD.

## THE AFTERMATH OF "BLACK FRIDAY'S" AND DESTRUCTION IN ESSEX, KENT, AND



CLEARING AWAY THE DEBRIS: BOYS AT DR. BARNARDO'S HOME AT IFIELD, NEAR CRAWLEY, SUSSEX, REMOVING TREES UPROOTED IN THE STORM.



AFTER THE WATERS HAD SUBSIDED: A HUGE PILE OF RUBBLE AND BRICKS BLOCKING THE LINE AT THE END OF THE SEVENOAKS RAILWAY TUNNEL, WHICH HAD BEEN FLOODED TO A DEPTH OF 6 FT.

(Above, left.) AT THE STATION AT ST. MARY CRAY, IN KENT: A DEEP HOLE WHICH APPEARED UNDER THE RAILWAY TRACK SOON AFTER THE STORM. RAIL TRAFFIC WAS DISRUPTED IN MANY PARTS OF SOUTHERN ENGLAND.

(Left.) THE AFTERMATH OF A RAGING TORRENT OF FLOOD-WATER: A CRATER LEFT IN KAVANAGH'S ROAD, BRENTWOOD, ESSEX, AFTER PART OF THE ROAD HAD BEEN SWEEPED AWAY IN THE STORM.



BLOCKED BY TONS OF EARTH AND STONES WASHED DOWN BY THE RAIN: THE MAIN LONDON TO SOUTHEAST RAILWAY LINE BETWEEN PITSEA AND LAINDON.

FRIDAY, September 5, was a day of increasingly humid heat in southern England, and as darkness began to fall, a violent electrical storm—a strong claimant to being the worst of the century—burst most noisily across the skies to give a memorable display of lightning, which at times lit up the whole sky. The torrential rain that came with it poured down mercilessly on many parts of southern England and brought floods and destruction in its wake. Lightning struck in numerous places, but considerably more damage was done by the roaring torrents of water that quickly accumulated in areas already sodden by the constant rainfall of the previous days. Worst affected by the floods was Essex, where Chelmsford was especially hard hit. In many parts of the town the water reached depths of up to 6 ft., and for a considerable time all the main roads into the town were impassable. Fortunately, after some three hours of the storms the rain stopped, and as there was no further rain in the next twenty-four hours the waters gradually subsided. Hopes of saving the harvest in Essex were, however, very slender. Kent, especially in the north, was also seriously hit and much damage was done to fruit and hops. At Gatwick Airport, in Surrey, a "minor tornado" blew off part of an office roof, blew in windows



# FANTASTIC STORMS: SEVERE FLOODING OTHER PARTS OF SOUTHERN ENGLAND.



IN ONE OF THE TOWNS WORST AFFECTED BY FLOODING: A STRANDED CAR SURROUNDED BY SWIRLING WATER IN A CAR-PARK IN THE CENTRE OF CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE STORM IN LONDON: A TAXI MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH THE WATER IN BIRDCAGE WALK AS A STREAK OF LIGHTNING LIT UP THE SKY OVER WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



WHERE ROWING-BOAT REPLACED BUS AND CAR: THE SCENE AT A CROSS-ROADS IN WICKFORD, ESSEX, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.



(Above.)  
PADDLE OR GO BY D.U.K.W.: THE ALTERNATIVES AT WICKFORD, ONE OF THE MANY VILLAGES FLOODED IN ESSEX, THE COUNTY WORST AFFECTED BY FLOODING AND STORM DAMAGE.



A BAD SATURDAY FOR GOING SHOPPING: WOMEN IN WICKFORD, ESSEX, WADING THROUGH THE WATER OUTSIDE THEIR HOMES ON THEIR WAY TO THE SHOPS.

and cut off the electricity supply, while from Horsham, Sussex, 2½-in. hailstones were reported. London, too, was seriously affected by the storm, and some underground stations were flooded. Worst hit in London were the telephone communications, because of widespread flooding of underwater cables. Road and rail communications were widely disrupted in many parts of the south, and at one stage the Automobile Association described the road conditions as the "worst ever." Numerous roads were blocked by floods and fallen trees and other debris, and hundreds of cars were marooned by flooding and had to be abandoned by their passengers. British Railways Southern Region was very badly hit. The main Brighton line was completely blocked by a fall of chalk between Coulsdon North and Earlswood. The line to Southend was blocked and swirling waters across the line at Brentwood caused the closure of the electric line from Liverpool Street. On these and other lines hundreds of passengers were stranded and services were severely disrupted throughout the week-end. In some places the help of the Army was called in. It was estimated that 3000 lightning flashes lit up the London sky during the storm, which certainly made September 5, 1958, memorable as a very "Black Friday."



(Right.)  
AN ACROBATIC MILK-MAN: DELIVERING MILK TO A FAMILY MAROONED ON THE UPPER FLOOR OF THEIR HOUSE IN THE FLOODED VILLAGE OF WICKFORD, WHICH IS SOME EIGHT MILES FROM CHELMSFORD.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE common white Arum Lily, Lily of the Nile, Trumpet Lily—or, if you prefer, the scientific Latin name *Zantedeschia æthiopica*, is nearer being a hardy plant

in this country than most gardeners suppose. The plant may be grown quite safely in the open air if it is planted in the water-lily or the goldfish pool, in a foot or so of water or a trifle more. I have seen it in the Cape Province in South Africa growing in great profusion in ditches, at stream-sides, and especially in swamps, and there, in its native country, it is known by the unflattering name Pig-Lily, because, I was told, pigs relish the fleshy roots, and, where they are abundant, are fattened on them. It is unfortunate that this beautiful plant has become burdened with so many names, both Latin and English. In the past it has been known as *Calla æthiopica* and as *Richardia africana*, both of which are now invalid, and must give way to the somewhat uncouth *Zantedeschia æthiopica*.

If you wish to be strictly correct and up to date, you had better master and use that agglomeration of throat noises, but if you wish to be readily understood in ordinary garden conversation you had better speak of *Calla* and *Richardia*, or Arum Lily. To be really impressive you can refer airily to "*Zantedeschia æthiopica*"—and then tolerantly "you know—the African lily." The plant is a variable one, the normal type growing to a height from 2½ to 3 ft. There is the charming dwarf variety "Little Gem," which only reaches about 18 ins., whilst the variety *Z. a. gigantea*, as its name suggests, grows to a great size.

I can not help wondering whether the ordinary, typical Arum Lily is really as tender as is popularly supposed. Has anyone ever been so bold as to plant it out in some choice spot in the open flower border, and just leave it there as an experiment to discover whether it would survive the winter? I personally have always been under the impression that it was a tender plant, but that belief has been founded purely on hearsay, backed by the fact that it is a South African species. But the fact of its country of origin is by no means conclusive. There are quite a number of South African plants which are perfectly hardy here. Many of the Red-Hot Pokers, for instance, the pink and the scarlet Kaffir Lily—*schizostylis*, and the Cape Figwort, *Phygelius capensis*, are fair examples of Cape plants which have turned out to be reliably hardy here, and there are many others. Can it be that when the Arum Lily first arrived in this country in 1731 it was assumed that, coming from where it did, it must of necessity be tender, and no plant for the open border?

### A HARDY WHITE ARUM.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

That assumption would have been backed by the plant's lush and almost tropical appearance. It certainly does not look like a hardy herbaceous perennial. Yet it is hard to believe that in all these 227 years of residence in British gardens the plant has never had an opportunity, either by deliberate experiment or by accident, of demonstrating that it was hardy, or definitely tender.

How it behaves in the feather-bed regions of Cornwall and the West Coast of Scotland I do not know. And I dare not go there to find out. I might be tempted to stay there and end my days lotus-eating, and even perhaps lotus-growing, amid rhododendrons which become forest trees.



"AS FRESH AS PAINT, AND ALMOST AGGRESSIVELY HEARTY": THE ARUM LILY AS A HARDY PLANT. THE "CROWBOROUGH" VARIETY OF *ZANTEDESCHIA ÆTHIOPICA*, GROWING IN AN OPEN BORDER IN MR. ELLIOTT'S COTSWOLD GARDEN. (Photograph by Peter Pritchard.)

And besides, I have recently found that I can have Arum Lilies here in my Cotswold garden, just as big and fine as any that I saw at the Cape fifty years ago. It was like this. Six or seven years ago, that most generous of gardeners, Mrs. Gwendolyn Anley, sent me a couple of young plants of an Arum Lily which she told me was hardy in this country. I believed her, as I would have believed few other gardeners, though it somehow seemed too good to be true.

Anyway, I planted these two youngsters out in an open, sunny bed of rather ungenial soil which was stiff with broken limestone. Most of my garden is like that. There they prospered, and in due course flowered, looking almost indistinguishable from the ordinary Arum Lily of weddings, funerals and florists' shops. Leaf and stem were cut to the ground by the first autumn frosts of any importance, and they remained dormant until late spring, when up they came again, as fresh as paint, and almost aggressively hearty. Since then they have weathered some really severe winters, and on no occasion have I comforted them with the traditional ashes, straw or bracken. By now they have grown into extremely sturdy clumps, and this summer—mid- and late July—they have each produced twenty or more of their handsome white arum flowers standing a good 4 ft. tall.

The flowers differ slightly from those of the ordinary Arum Lilies of commerce, but as I have not had an opportunity of comparing the two side by side, I can not explain exactly what the difference is. It is slight, but subtle, and somehow I find this hardy variety rather more attractive. I am informed on high botanical authority that there is no doubt as to its being a variety of *Zantedeschia æthiopica*, and not, as I thought, possibly a distinct species. To distinguish it from the ordinary *Z. æthiopica* the varietal name "Crowborough" has been suggested for it. As to the plant's past history, I do not know. My two clumps came, as I have said, from Mrs. Anley, and her original plant came from Lord Morton's garden, where, I understand, it has been grown for many years. That it proved hardy in Surrey and Sussex at an altitude of 500 ft. above sea-level was encouraging, and now that it has survived several winters in the cold Cotswolds without coddling or protection of any sort, the plant may surely be classed as truly hardy.

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# PRESENTING HIS CONSTITUTION: GENERAL DE GAULLE'S SPEECH IN PARIS.



AFTER HIS SPEECH IN THE PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE: GENERAL DE GAULLE MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH PART OF THE HUGE CROWD.



APPROVAL FROM A SECTION OF THE CROWD: PEOPLE GIVING THE VICTORY SIGN AS THE GENERAL WAS SPEAKING FROM THE ROSTRUM IN FRONT OF THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC SURMOUNTED BY A HUGE GOLDEN "V" SIGN.

SOME 150,000 Parisians gathered in the Place de la République on the afternoon of September 4 to hear their Prime Minister, General de Gaulle, present his proposals for France's new constitution, on which a referendum is to be held on September 28. Standing alone on a special rostrum in front of the platform—behind which a huge golden "V" had been erected—the General spoke for twenty-five minutes, and though there were several pockets of opposition on the fringes of the crowd, he was given a good hearing. There were a number of violent scenes and scuffles. Having urged on his vast audience the need for a new constitution, General de Gaulle ended: "With all my heart, in the name of France, I call on you to vote 'Yes.' If you do not do so, we shall on the very same day revert to the mistakes that you know well."

(Right.)  
PRESENTING HIS CONSTITUTION TO THE PEOPLE OF PARIS: GENERAL DE GAULLE EMPHASISING A POINT DURING HIS SPEECH.



COME TO HEAR THEIR PRIME MINISTER: A SECTION OF THE 150,000-STRONG CROWD MASSSED IN THE PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE FOR GENERAL DE GAULLE'S SPEECH.



AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD: DEMONSTRATORS HOLDING PLACARDS SAYING "NO" IN A SECTION OF THE CROWD FROM WHICH CONSIDERABLE OPPOSITION WAS VOICED.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## PERIOD PIECE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I DO not think I had ever expected to meet a Beatrice in a lace crinoline, and a Benedick looking like a soldier from some vaguely operatic world (though I am ready to believe that this was the wear during the Risorgimento). Still, in these days, we should be game for anything in Shakespearian revival. I do remember, from more than a decade ago, a Dogberry in a tin hat, bicycling on to the stage of the Embassy (a stage since lost to the general playgoer). So it was not quite so alarming as it might have been to meet the people of Messina, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the costumes of 1851.

By now we have threshed out all the questions of Shakespeare in unexpected dress. For my part, if décor and costume are not too wantonly distracting—as they proved to be in a contemporary-style "Macbeth"—I am inclined to forget them after ten minutes or so. Forget, I mean, that they are anachronistic. Certainly, at Stratford, once I had become used to the conventions of 1851, no excess of whisker or flourish of flowered waistcoat, puzzling reminiscence of Tissot or hint of Ouida, could take my mind from Shakespeare's comedy. "Much Ado About Nothing" is sovereign: little in its presentation worried me, not even the master of ceremonies at the dance, a new Shakespearian character. (Later, Leonato had an addition to his staff that would have pleased Rossini.) It was visually pleasant when the guests joined in the lancers, or waltzed, beneath the stars, just as it was amusing when Benedick concealed himself behind a large umbrella instead of in the "arbour."

I am not likely to join in any special pleading, to say that this period and this costume suit "Much Ado" better than any others would; that in future we shall be grieved if we meet the characters without their cheroots and frogged jackets. But, as a gentle pictorial experiment, it seems to me to come off very well. And we ought not to be troubled at Stratford, where in the old days (before it was fashionable to come down from London to the Memorial Theatre) we had the splendours and the caprices of Komisarjevsky. I need say only of the latest experiment that Douglas Seale has directed it, with delighted invention, in sets by Tanya Moisevitch and costumes by Motley. For me it is far more successful than the forced and over-garnished "Pericles."

The Merry War is fought now by Googie Withers and Michael Redgrave. Miss Withers is richly all that a Beatrice should be. She is as gay as the sun-sparkle on the Mediterranean; she does not pay out her lines with the conscious effort of an actress burdened by a classic part. In the Church scene the emotion rises naturally: on the first night she and Mr. Redgrave avoided with tact the fatal laugh on "Not for the wide world." In these years it can be as painful to watch the players avoiding it as it is when their attempt fails; but at Stratford I was hardly aware that the moment had come until we were safely past it. Mr. Redgrave's Benedick is quiet and sure. I have never known him to meet a part with less apparent effort. Add to these Richard Johnson's Don John, who makes real for once the phrase, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace"; Patrick Wymark's seedy-Napoleonic Dogberry; and the satin-lined Don Pedro of Anthony Nicholls, and it will be seen that the 1851 landscape is rightly peopled.

There may have been better general performances; but, in recent seasons, I have

not often come from the comedy with fewer complaints. If, next time, I shall go back willingly to the Renaissance, I am not going to be churlish enough to say that my night in 1851 was unprofitable. For the sake of those who may wonder how Mr. Seale gets round certain lines, I can report—for example



"IN RECENT SEASONS, I HAVE NOT OFTEN COME FROM THE COMEDY WITH FEWER COMPLAINTS": "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," IN THE COSTUMES OF 1851, AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON—A SCENE WITH HERO (GERALDINE McEWAN) AND BENEDICK (MICHAEL REDGRAVE).



"PARTS OF THE PLAY AMUSED ME; PARTS DID NOT": GEORGE TABORI'S "BROUHABA" (THE ALDWYCH THEATRE)—THE SULTAN (PETER SELLERS, RIGHT CENTRE), WATCHED BY STITCH ALLENTOCK (JULES MUNSHIN, RIGHT), INSTRUCTS SOME OF HIS PEOPLE IN THE "SUBTLE ART OF REVOLUTION."

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—Anthony Quayle and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies in the posthumous play by Eugene O'Neill. (September 8.)  
 "AUNTIE MAME" (Adelphi).—Beatrice Lillie and Florence Desmond in a so-called "non-musical revue" adapted from a novel by Patrick Dennis. (September 10.)  
 DE CUEVAS BALLET (Coliseum).—The opening of a four-week season during which seven new works will receive their London premières. (September 10.)

—that Claudio, according to Benedick, would carve the fashion of a new "waistcoat" (not "a doublet"). I am still wondering, though, why "festival terms" was changed to "blank verse." In the Church scene I was very sorry to lose Leonato's "Mine, and mine I loved," speech that Cyril Luckham would have managed confidently; maybe Mr. Seale felt it did not go with the spirit of 1851.

Peter Hall, this year's director of "Twelfth Night" at Stratford, has directed "Brouhaha," the new Aldwych comedy. Here I have to sit, in resolution and discomfort, on the fence. Parts of the play amused me; parts did not. At times Peter Sellers, with his voice like oil on glass, appeared to be having the easiest of runs; at others he appeared to be toiling in desperation. The play is probably an hour too long. In essence, whatever the author (George Tabori) intended, "Brouhaha" is a Goon Show brought to the theatre. A small Arab kingdom by the Persian Gulf is in desperate want—why in the world was I thinking of anything so serious as the "misery of Tarsus" in "Pericles"?—but nothing can be done about it until there is some hint of a revolution that can interest the Great Powers. The Sultan (Mr. Sellers), with the aid of an American (Jules Munshin) who is like a modern version of O. Henry's Jeff Peters, stirs up a good deal of trouble, with appropriate—and not always predictable—foreign reactions; but the comedy sags away badly in spite of the performance and Mr. Hall's crazy-week devices.

The key line, I feel, is "Go and keep the situation out of control." When it is, indeed, out of control, the night streaks along; I like the Russian envoy who, though he cannot bring Moscow gold, is quite ready to offer the Chinese Classical Theatre. Alas, midway at the première one felt that author, director, and actors were trying too fiercely to keep the piece surging on: it was then that humour evaporated suddenly from the night. Mr. Sellers apart, we have to remember amusing work by Leo McKern (from Moscow) and Anne Leon (very English).

If "Major Barbara," with its Shavian address on the evils of poverty, is not my favourite play, it has one scene in it—the Salvation Army's West Ham shelter—that can inevitably hold an audience. This went as buoyantly as ever in a Royal Court revival: elsewhere there was some flagging, caused at first, I think, by the actors and later by the piece: that fourth act debate can test the patience. But where players and dramatist were in true league, the night sped along, and we can be glad to have met Paul Daneman's smiling Cusins and Alan Webb's demon king of an Undershaft. Joan Plowright's Barbara, a nicely modest performance, could have done with more authority.

Emlyn Williams, in his now familiar (but not over-familiar) Dylan Thomas programme, "A Boy Growing Up" (Globe), has all the authority in the world: nothing could be better timed and paced. I found a version of André Birabeau's French comedy of the "Thirties, here called "Head of the Family" (Belgrade, Coventry), to be pale and loitering: it was not aided, I fear, by its slow performance. Perhaps a change of costume would help. 1851, say?



# A GIANT PANDA AT THE ZOO AGAIN : CHI-CHI HOLDS COURT IN REGENT'S PARK.



CHI-CHI, THE FIRST GIANT PANDA TO VISIT LONDON SINCE 1950, MAKES HER BOW TO HER FIRST VISITORS AT THE LONDON ZOO, ON SEPTEMBER 5.



HAVING SCRAMBLED OVER THE RAILING, CHI-CHI MAKES A DASH FOR THE OPEN SPACES SCATTERING THE VISITORS AND PURSUED BY HER OWNER, MR. DEMMER.



(Left.)  
CHI-CHI HAS A BATH—AGAINST HER WILL. ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF KEEPING A GIANT PANDA DURING SUMMER IS KEEPING HER COOL.



(Right.)  
THE TWENTY-MONTH-OLD GIANT PANDA IS VERY PLAYFUL ; AND ONE OF HER FAVOURITE GAMES IS TO WRESTLE WITH A LENGTH OF HOSE, AS SHE IS SHOWN DOING HERE.



"I ONLY ASKED !": MR. BERNARD BRESSLAW, FORMER STAR OF "THE ARMY GAME," IN FLIGHT FROM CHI-CHI DURING A SESSION BEFORE THE TELEVISION CAMERAS.



BACK TO BASE : MR. HEINI DEMMER, CHI-CHI'S OWNER, GRASPS HER FIRMLY AND BRINGS HER BACK TO THE PEN AFTER ONE OF HER PLAYFUL ESCAPES.

During the three weeks starting September 5, there is to be a Giant Panda in the London Zoo again. This twenty-month-old female, called *Chi-Chi*, is one of only four in captivity at present and she is the property of Mr. Heini Demmer, an Austrian animal collector who lives in Nairobi. Of the other three, one is in Moscow and the other two at Pekin. *Chi-Chi* is valued at £10,000 and was originally intended for the United States, but arrangements

for her import there broke down. She has been shown recently in Copenhagen, Berlin and Frankfurt. She is installed in Regent's Park, in a former bear-pit, which has been provided with shade and blocks of ice to keep her cool. In the event of a heat-wave, the boarded-over pool can be packed with ice. During her first two days she twice scrambled out of the pen and on the second occasion grazed a woman visitor's leg with her claws.





THE GIRL IN THE FANTASY OF ARCHITECTURAL PERSPECTIVE: "DREAM HOUSE," BY YUE LOONG LEE, OF KUALA LUMPUR, ONE OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

This study, like that on the facing page, is one of the exhibits in the forty-ninth International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, which opened at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26-27, Conduit Street, W.1, on September 6; and like the other is concerned with that nice contrast of the human figure, with all its implications of warmth and individuality, when set among the austere perspectives and receding planes of modern architectural shapes. The exhibition

is, as its title says, international and every continent is represented. There are 390 exhibits, and the successful entrants are drawn from twenty-eight different countries. By far the largest number of entrants are from the United Kingdom, and the only two other countries to number their successful entrants in double figures are Hong Kong, with thirty-eight, and Singapore, with seventeen. Next come Hungary and Italy, with six apiece.





LIGHT AND SHADE, HUMANITY AND ARCHITECTURE—IN "WAITING FOR MUMMY," BY YET-PORE PUN, OF HONG KONG, ONE OF THE MANY FAR EASTERN EXHIBITS IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The 49th Annual International Exhibition of Pictorial Photography by the London Salon of Photography opened to the public at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26-27, Conduit Street, W.1, on Saturday, September 6, and remains open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. until Saturday, October 4. There are in all some 390 exhibits from all over the world and these are selected, from about 4000 submitted, as best conforming with the London Salon's

standards and avowed purpose—of exhibiting only work showing "personal artistic feeling and execution." There are no transparencies shown; all the exhibits are prints, and there are only a few colour prints exhibited. Entries in colour were, of course, invited, but on the clear understanding that they must compete as works of art on the same terms as photographs in black and white, and not purely as technical achievements.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS very agreeable week includes a point of interrogation, of curiosity ready-made. For whatever one may expect to think about "The Rainbow and the Rose," by Nevil Shute (Heinemann, 16s.), one can't help thinking: What now? He is a paradox of a writer: so prosaically efficient, so strangely flat, yet with such a vein of queeriness. And you never know what form it will take.

This time flying appears as the *leit-motif*. Narrator One, Ronnie Clarke, is the youngish captain of an Australian airliner. He learnt as a boy in England from the retired veteran Johnnie Pascoe, now running a small club in Tasmania. And now the veteran has crashed and fractured his skull, trying to get a child to hospital from the back of beyond in abominable flying weather. So Ronnie sets out to land a doctor, equally against the odds. Beaten first shot, he spends the night under Johnnie's roof, ready for a fresh go at daybreak. And in this exhausted sleep, in Johnnie's bed, among Johnnie's souvenirs, insensibly he is not Ronnie Clarke; he is Narrator Two—Johnnie Pascoe, very young in the dark, heroic age of the Royal Flying Corps. And so on. Gradually, with starts of waking and reabsorption at dramatic intervals, we collect the whole story of Johnnie's life: especially of his tragic love-affair in the 'thirties, and how at last "everything came good." Though "coming good" has a peculiar significance for this writer; it is a mystic version of Better Dead. Here, certainly, one might be less aware of the fact if he had not once exterminated the human race to get the full flavour. And then again, the Ronnie-Johnnie shuttle device would seem pretty brazen if it were less typical; we know it means something to Mr. Shute. But that is not to say it comes off.

Nor does the book as a whole. It has three planes. The opening sequence, with Ronnie battling for a lost corner of nowhere in the worst conditions, is Mr. Shute at his most adept. Then for a flash, on the emergence of Johnnie, he becomes dazzling. Which one would hardly expect; but there is no other word for this lightning vision of air warfare in its ghastly, heroic dawn. And then we bog down in the love-story, which is as flat as ever. Mr. Shute's men and women can do things, with great conviction; but in the world of feeling they are anæmic. Instead of falling in love, they form attachments. And tragic circumstances don't help a bit.

## OTHER FICTION.

"A Summer Place," by Sloan Wilson (Cassell, 16s.), likewise tails off, but gradually and within reason. The "summer place" is Pine Island, Maine—long since "incorporated" by founding families as a Neverneverland.

Bart Hunter is a fourth-generation Islander—indeed, an Islander born; and now he and Sylvia are running his family mansion as an inn. It was a fine, brave idea; it was going to be "lovely with the snow." Setting aside other motives: ruin and decay, and the decline of Prince Charming into a disconsolate alcoholic. They have had two years of the Neverneverland as an inferno, when who should arrive but Ken Jorgenson and his family. He gets very serious about Sylvia, who denies him odiously, for want of courage to be unfashionable. Now he is returning a millionaire. . . .

This is the best part. The renewal of their love, the broken homes, the estranged children and the final accord are by comparison rather desultory. But only by comparison. It is all very sympathetic, very acute.

"Crescendo," by Phyllis Bentley (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), is on the light side, deftly turned out, and as engaging a story as you could wish to read. Its one clumsiness is the prelude—in which Peter's father-in-law asserts that any deviation from right may have untold consequences, while Peter is for the end justifying the means. Only this afternoon, he judged it expedient to desert his office in Ashworth Town Hall three minutes before time, and why ever not? Rather a wooden sort of discussion; but there are amends all next day, when Peter's act is precipitating a chain of crises in a variety of lives, ending with his own. Till finally someone behaves well; and in an equally speedy reverse movement, things are set right for nearly everyone. We are in textile country, of course, with a "foreman cropper" as the most appealing character and first victim. Very nice work.

And "The Snake on 99," by Stewart Farrar (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is a nice début, in what must be called the old-style "whodunit." Joe Archer, a young engineer from the Midlands, has booked into a private hotel. Here he finds an ex-bosun as landlord, a couple of newspaper men, a couple of girls—one with a frantically possessive father—and a lot of under-currents. Then Frank Branson, the news editor, is killed by falling from the roof-garden on to his head. Or being pitched off; that is Joe's belief, and he saw it. Enter humane, warm-hearted Inspector Morgan. . . . The interrogation routine does strike one as *vieux jeu*, while the grand total of crimes and wickedness is excessive. Still, very promising and agreeable.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

OF the five titles at stake in the British Chess Federation's congress at Leamington, only two were decided outright.

Leonard Barden and Jonathan Penrose tied for the British Championship and will play a match, to resolve the tie, in November. Barden must already be regretting his two drawn games in the last two rounds against opponents (D. E. Lloyd and B. Cafferty respectively) from comparatively far down the list. With two rounds to go, Barden was a whole point ahead of the field. To certain natures, this can be a more nerve-racking situation than to be neck-and-neck. Anyway, all he could manage was two somewhat jittery draws, whilst it was by beating that same D. E. Lloyd in the last round, after overcoming J. A. Fuller (recently mentioned in these notes) the round before, that Penrose was able to draw level.

Mrs. "Dody" Bourdillon and Miss Anne Sunnucks tied for the British Ladies' Championship. Both are from London, as are Barden and Penrose, so the metropolis made a clean sweep in the senior events.

The British Boys' Championship "under eighteen" went to D. J. Mabbs, of Harrow. Last year's winner, D. E. Rumens, could have competed again, but entered for the preliminary stages of the British Championship itself, successfully qualified from quite a strong group and opted to go in for the senior competition instead. He beat Dr. Fazekas, the reigning British Champion, in the first round—a result which naturally made newspaper headlines, "Boy beats British Champion," etc. He tired later and finished nearly bottom. He must have regretted his decision to "commute" daily by train between Harrow and Leamington. Some 2000 miles' travel with eleven British Championship games interspersed makes rather a strenuous fortnight's programme.

Dr. Fazekas's decision to compete, after the events reported in these "Notes" a few weeks ago, struck me as a most sporting gesture. Chatting with him on the phone a few days before the start of play, I asked him quizzically "Is it your aim to win the championship again, so as to shatter the Selection Committee, who have dropped you from the British team, completely?" "Whoever won the British Championship twice?" he asked in reply (and certainly very few ever have; the tournament system is all against the title-holder; it makes him a marked man); "I certainly shall not!" He entered again just for the fun of it and because he enjoys playing chess, which I think showed a wonderful spirit.

For the "under-fifteen" Boys' Championship, there was another tie, between M. J. Neave (London) and M. A. Stevenson (Wolverhampton). This is far from being a minor event; the standard of play and the intensity of the competition compare not at all badly with those of the two feminine championships. (*Am I sticking out my neck!*)

Finally, the Midlands came in again for the British Girls' Championship, retained with ease by Birmingham's Sheila Corbyn.

A most pleasant and well-run congress from every viewpoint.

Immediately after Leamington came Whitby where J. H. Donner (Holland), F. J. Perez (Spain), H. Camilleri (Malta), P. Guillaume (France), V. Lushkott (New Zealand), also Bob Wade, who must almost have forgotten his Maori by now, face thirty-two home-grown rivals in the sixth "Open" Championship. Paignton's annual event clashed, unfortunately, with the second week at Whitby. Next year's dates are better, but the geographical distribution of events not so happy; there are no clashes, a straight run of five weeks' congress chess, but Whitby follows a B.C.F. Congress at York.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM CHESTERTON'S WORKS TO THE POLISH RESISTANCE MOVEMENT.

THE man who never had the collector's urge in one shape or form (I am not so sure about women) is a rare being. Among my acquaintance I number those whose collector's frenzy ranges from Byzantine coins to bottle-tops, and from Costa Rican stamps (and those of a limited decade) to the covers of book-matches. I suppose that I shall never, myself, recapture the thrill of discovering, as a twelve-year-old schoolboy, that I possessed not one but two *aberrations* or *variants* of the Magpie Moth, of which there were only two previous similar known examples, both coming from Lincolnshire, in the '90's of the last century. Bibliophiles and that rare (and to the bibliophile, invaluable) sub-specialist in that art or pursuit, the bibliographer, have an expertise all of their own. I have just been looking at "G. K. Chesterton, A Bibliography," by John Sullivan (University of London Press, Ltd.; 30s.), and stand in awe of this scholarly labour of love. "The sheer mass and variety of Chesterton's work," he writes, "the author's own indifference to the fate of that work once published, the number of his publishers, the destruction of publishers' records, and of periodicals at the British Museum during the war—these and other factors conspire to present any bibliographer of Chesterton with a formidable task." Looking through the subsequent pages, I should have said that this was an understatement. To those who are unacquainted with the bibliographer's art, some entries might seem bewildering in their technicality. Still, for the lovers of Chesterton (and I hope they will always be legion) this book will prove as interesting as it will be essential to the Chestertonian scholar. Moreover, some of the illustrations are delightful and exciting. What attractive hand-writing Chesterton had! Mr. Sullivan has reproduced the manuscripts of some of the more famous poems in which his attractive hand (his contemporaries all bore witness to the unhesitating speed at which Chesterton wrote) can be seen. The author's indefatigable scholarship provides a complete chapter of translations of Chesterton's books. Naturally, in such a bibliography, *The Illustrated London News* must inevitably bulk large, as G. K. C. was for so many years so devoted and beloved a contributor. And however bemused the ordinary reader may be by Mr. Sullivan's technicality, they will be grateful for his reprint of Walter de la Mare's epitaph:

Knight of the Holy Ghost, he goes his way  
Wisdom his motley, Truth his living jest;  
The mills of Satan kept his lance in play,  
Pity and Innocence his heart at rest.

To say that I was disappointed in "Arthur and his Times," by Jack Lindsay (Frederick Muller, Ltd.; 25s.), is only perhaps to reveal a post-operative tetchiness. I am delighted with Mr. Lindsay's archæology. I am delighted with Mr. Lindsay's racy translations from late Roman texts and inscriptions. I am delighted that he confirms my private theory that the Anglo-Saxon and Irish invasions were not as totally destructive of Romano-British-Celtic society as has been hitherto supposed. But in making out his case for a Romano-British "Dux" who, with a mobile force of heavy cavalry, beat off the attacks of the fair-haired, blue-eyed, empty-headed rugger blues and rowing men who were the ancestors of many of my readers, and identifying him with Arthur—well, I prefer to take refuge in the mists of Avalon and to hear all the horns of elf-land sounding faintly through them rather than toots on a salvaged and battered Roman *buccina*!

To revert to the obscurity of scholarship in the first book I have noticed this week, I was interested in "Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance," by Edgar Wind (Faber and Faber; 50s.). This is undoubtedly a scholar's book. I had hoped from its title that one could move on from the suspected Adamite heresies of the queerest of late mediæval-early renaissance painters, Hieronymos Bosch, but I fear that Mr. Wind, in spite of his dedication to Sir Maurice Bowra, is altogether too allusive for the ordinary reader. Nevertheless, the text of Mr. Wind's book is as interesting for those who have the stamina to read it as the illustrations are educative for a wide range of readers.

No Ancient Briton, his life made "poor, nasty, British and short" by Irish, Scots and Saxons, can have had so miserably uncertain a life as the average Pole from 1914 to the present day. I saw much of the Poles during the last war. I can never see a Pole now without wincing at what we, their Allies, have allowed to happen to them. Poor Poles. I always think of that attractive, immensely courageous race sandwiched between the Germans and the Russians as being like a cheetah, always open to attack from a man-eating tiger on one side and a ferocious grizzly bear on the other. Mr. Stefan Gazel, in "To Live and Kill" (Jarrolds; 18s.), tells his dreadful story (alas, so often repeated) of a Polish family during and after two world wars. His conclusion is that having, in various underground movements and in order to escape, killed a considerable number of Germans and Russians hand-to-hand, he would gladly do it again. Certainly if I were a Pole there wouldn't be a sufficiency of Russians "to fill up the bottom of my lust" to rid the world of them.—E. D. O'BRIEN.





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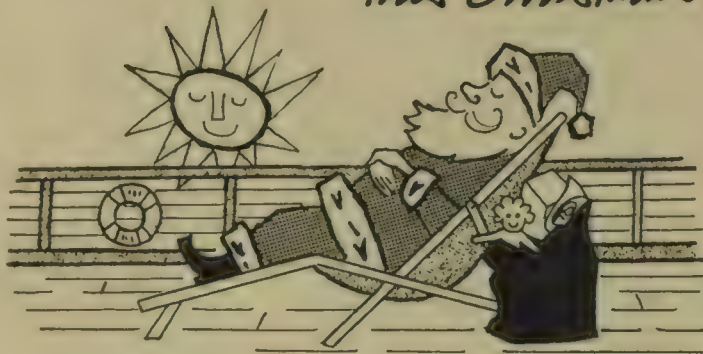
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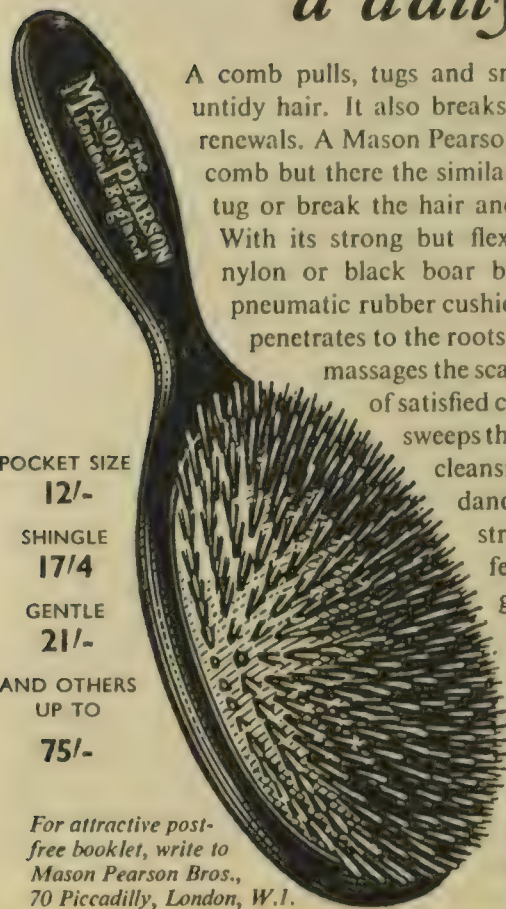


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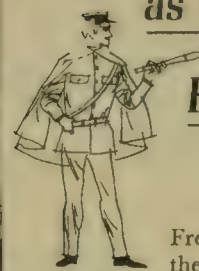
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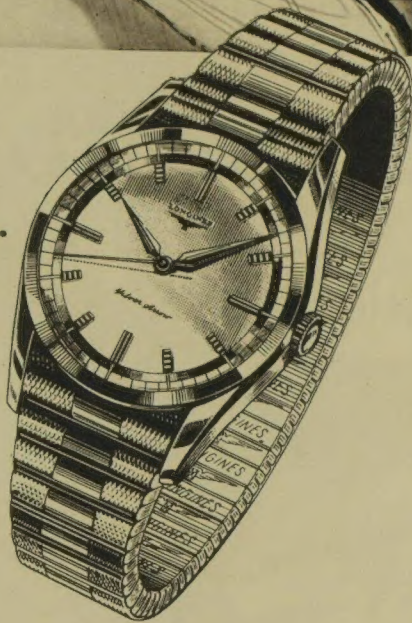
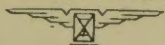




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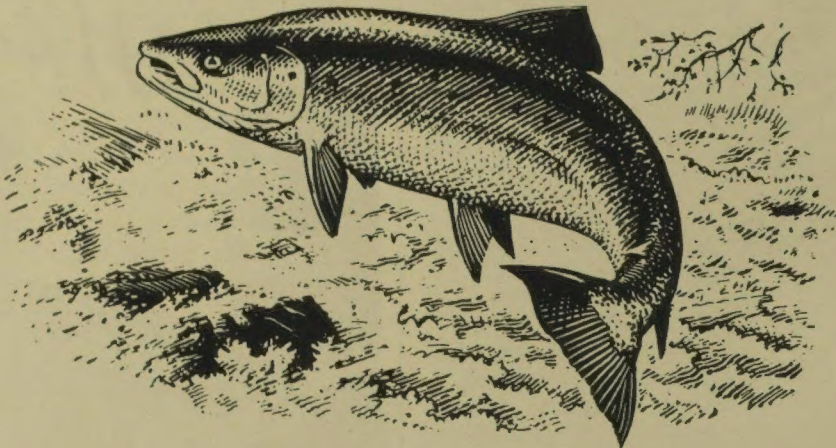
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